

SEAFARING

THE ORGAN OF THE SEAFARING CLASS.

A Weekly Newspaper for Seafaring Folk and their Friends.

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[For Transmission Abroad as a Newspaper.] ONE PENNY.

AS OTHERS SEE US.

Resolution passed at meetings of seafaring men in London, Liverpool, Glasgow, Cardiff, Hull, Sunderland, Dundee, Shields, and other ports.—"This meeting pledges itself to support SEAFARING."

Ship Masters and Certificated Officers' Union.—"Having the largest circulation in the world of any paper connected with shipping, SEAFARING is the best medium for advertising the wants of seafaring men."

Morning Advertiser.—"Able and smartly written."

Daily Chronicle.—"An ably conducted and interesting paper."

Reynolds's Weekly Newspaper.—"A bright little paper."

Literary World.—"Will be appreciated by all who go down to the sea in ships."

Coast Seamen's Union (San Francisco).—"Delightful and interesting, and a worthy champion of the sailors' cause."

Star.—"What sailors are interested in, and need to know, is culled from all quarters."

Liverpool Daily Post.—"Fast winning a foremost place under the title of SEAFARING. Most popular with seafaring people."

Liverpool Mercury.—"The variety of matter with which it is replete, and the information which it contains, justify its claim to be 'the organ of the seafaring class.'"

Liverpool Echo.—"Nominal price and multiform attractions."

The People.—"It will be useful to those in whose behalf it has been started."

The Democrat.—"Did useful work."

Seaboard (New York).—"Bears that peculiar, indescribable air that most newspaper men recognise as a warranty of long life and prosperity."

Weekly Budget.—"A career of much prosperity and usefulness."

Tonbridge Free Press.—"Interesting to everybody."

Mercantile Marine Service Association Reporter.—"A genuine ring about the articles, which are written in true sailor style."

Scottish Leader.—"Its sails are already filled with a favouring breeze."

Southampton Observer.—"Advocates the interests of seagoing folk with zeal and ability."

Western Daily Press.—"It is well conducted, and is full of original matter."

Eastern Daily Press.—"Something in its columns to suit even gentlemen of England."

Engineers' Gazette.—"Rapidly improving, both in quality and circulation."

Hampshire Independent.—"Well conducted."

Cork Examiner.—"Promises to be one of the most valuable of the class papers."

South Wales Echo.—"Well edited, and interesting."

THE NOVELIST OF THE SEA.

MR. CLARK RUSSELL INTERVIEWED.

This popular writer has been interviewed at Deal by a representative of the *Pull Mall Gazette*, who says:—

"At last I broke the silence: 'Come, spin me a yarn; tell me how you, with almost the weirdness of a German folk-lore story or the awful heart-stopping power of 'The Ancient Mariner,' write these wonderful sea stories of yours?'—'Well, one thing I can truthfully say, it is all from my own personal experience. I went to sea as a middy in one of the old Blackwall liners at thirteen years of age. I was all through the China war, on board the old *Hugomont*, and that reminds me I only saw her towed down the Channel a few weeks ago; I recognised her at once. I have been nearly all over the world in my time, and I know exactly what I am writing about when I describe the sea and things nautical. And let me tell you it is difficult enough to manœuvre a ship on the water, but to manœuvre her on paper, that takes some doing. My plan is always to endeavour to place myself and my readers upon the ship's deck. Critics say there is too much sea and sky in my novels, but what would you? It is exactly as at sea. I remember,' he went on, explaining to me the manner in which he always accurately described that which he saw, 'that I would notice everything, and I possessed the capacity for blending. For instance, take that white gull floating there on tremulous wing; that is the object of interest, now I group all my effects round that bird. I would note the mirage I saw, the haze, the shimmer, the water, the up-lifted vessel. I harmonise atmospheric effects with material objects, and then your untravelled critic falls foul of me for describing perhaps an Arctic sunrise, which he never saw upon Peckham-rye. But the difficulty in writing about the sea does not consist in mere description of clouds and waves and sunsets; it is a far greater difficulty to sail the ship itself upon paper. Take, for instance, a vessel which is going along under all plain sail, wind on her quarter. It comes on black to windward, with an ugly look in the run of the seas. Now comes the question of shortening canvas. What sail will a landsman, who, as dear old Herman Melville would put it, only knows the sea from a beach-combing point of view, take in? How would he begin? What sheet, what halliards will he first start? I might begin by hauling down flying-gib and clewing up main-royal, but would not that be wrong?' smilingly queried Mr. Clark Russell. 'I think so, whilst your fore and mizzen royals are still abroad; whereat his youngest son, a jolly lad of thirteen, burst into a scornful laugh

that made the rafters ring again as he thought of the horrid mess into which some poor critic would precipitate himself were he placed in such perplexing circumstances.

"For my own part I blushed a deep red, and realised, as I had never done before, that there are moments in a man's life when silence is indeed golden. 'But how came you, Mr. Russell,' I asked, when the boy's ringing laugh had died away, 'how came you, a practical sailor, to take to novel writing?'—'Well, the taste for writing first came to me in a very curious manner at sea. We were homeward bound from Sydney, and when abreast of the Horn I was washing down the decks when the hencoop batten was discovered missing. The captain told me to look for it. I couldn't find it, whereupon the captain grew angry. I was 'cheeky,' and so the captain ordered me below, bread and water and irons, a prisoner for the rest of the voyage. Having naught to do, I took to reading Tom Moore, and that started me to the writing of poetry. I didn't go to sea again. I wrote a drama—'Fra Angelo'—in 1866, which was produced by Walter Montgomery, performed at the Haymarket, and which proved a great failure. Then Fechter, who had seen this piece of mine, asked me to translate the 'Corsican Brothers' for him. He wanted his part done in blank verse, but when it was recited to Dickens he strongly objected. But I gave up writing tragedies; one was quite enough for me. I then wrote 'John Houldsworth, Chief Mate'; that was my first nautical novel. Then a well-known publisher asked me to write one for him, and 'The Wreck of the *Grosvenor*' was my response to his request. However, his reader returned it with the remark that it was merely a catalogue of ship's furniture. It was accepted by Marston. My friends sometimes try and tempt me ashore. 'No,' I say, 'I am web-footed, and I shall stick to the sea.' My object is to keep the standard elevated. As a rule, sea stories are only written for boys, and yet England, which is a great maritime country, possesses no great sea novelist."

"I loudly demurred: 'Mr. Russell, you are fishing; however, let that pass—are your stories founded on fact?'—'Yes, very often; for instance, I once read in the papers of a mutiny at sea, in which the steward had thrown over a bottle containing an account of it. I pondered over that, until finally I wrecked the *Grosvenor*. 'The Sea Queen' was suggested by the true story of a captain's wife, who was on board a steamer, and all the crew, except the captain and mate, fell ill. They worked in the engine-room, she steered and brought the vessel into the haven where they would be. This sea-novel-writing vocation is very dear to me. All my sailors are men I have met in the fo'c's'le, kept watch with, gone

aloft with; they are a fast dying type in this age of steamers. And how vast a distinction there is between the bluejacket and the merchantman! The one lithe, active as a cat, full of his ideas of discipline; the other slow, grumbling, discontented, full of bad food and constant complaint. Half the profanity of poor Jack is to be found in the filthy scuttle-butt and the fouler harness-cask (*anglicè*, the drinking tin and food cask). No, there is not nearly so much bullying as there used to be, except in those beastly Nova Scotian ships. They are dreadful. Have you seen this? placing in my hand the last book—of which there were only twenty-five copies published—written by Herman Melville, that magnificent American sea-novelist. “John Marr, and other Sailors,” he calls it, and he has been good enough to dedicate it to me. With great interest I took up the dainty little book by the author of “Omoo” and other exquisite South Sea sketches. And what had he to say of Mr. Clark Russell? Why this—“The Wreck of the *Grosvenor*” entitled the author to the naval crown in current literature. Upon the *Grosvenor*’s first appearance in these waters—I was going to say—all competent judges exclaimed, each after his own fashion, something to this effect: The very spit of the brine in our faces! What writer, so thoroughly as this one, knows the sea, and the blue water of it; the sailor and the heart of him; the ship, too, and the sailing and handling of a ship?”

“And now what more can I say? The interview is done, and I leave the sailor novelist, and the storied wreck, and the sea beating upon the lonely shore.”

At Swansea the Board of Trade Court suspended for two years the certificate of Captain Williams, of the ship *Hannah*, of Llanelly, and the mate’s certificate for a year, for the loss of their vessel on the Brazil coast, expressing a strong suspicion of illegal design on the part of the master.

MR. JOHN BURNS’S WAGES.—The following circular has been issued by the Labour League:—“Upon his election to the County Council, John Burns was compelled to give up his employment as a working engineer. Since that time his only income has been the sum of £2 per week, and (during the past four months) a sum of 10s. per week for expenses, paid him by the Battersea Workmen’s Representative Association. That Association has been merged into the Labour League, and its work is now carried on by the latter body. Having carefully gone into the matter, the Provisional Committee of the Labour League are satisfied that John Burns is in a far worse position, financially, than when working at his trade for a weekly wage of £2. At the present time, John Burns receives from 150 to 200 letters weekly; very many of these have to be answered, but comparatively few of the correspondents enclose postage stamps, note paper, or envelopes. This item alone entails an expenditure of 6s. or 7s. per week; newspapers cost another 4s. or 5s.; travelling 5s. or 6s.; and numerous other small items, bring the total out-of-pocket expenses up to at least £1 per week. In the opinion of the Provisional Committee of this League, it is nothing less than a scandal that John Burns should, in addition to his many other sacrifices and sufferings on behalf of his class, and in consequence of his having undertaken a public duty, be compelled to deny himself and those dependent upon him, many of the common comforts and necessities of life. The committee feel that they have only to make known these facts in order to ensure a wider and more generous measure of support, and they appeal with confidence to the workers in Battersea, and elsewhere, to become subscribers to the Wages Fund. Moneys subscribed to the ‘John Burns Wages Fund’ will be kept entirely apart from the general funds of the League; a separate and duly-audited balance-sheet will be published quarterly. Subscriptions may be paid to, or further information obtained from, the hon. secretary or hon. treasurer, as under:—William Saunders, hon. secretary, 6, Gwynne-road, Battersea; W. Mitchell, hon. treasurer, 26, Castle-street, Battersea.”

At a meeting of the committee of the Liverpool Shipwreck and Humane Society awards for courage and humanity in saving life have just been made to the following:—Henry Sandford, dock-gatesman, 20s.; Joseph Gamble, seaman, 30s.; Frederick Harrington, labourer, 25s., and a similar amount, with a framed vote of thanks for a second rescue: Robert Silk, labourer, 25s.; Henry Gower, labourer, 15s.; William Scott, 10s.; John Richards, 10s.; Thomas Toole, 10s. During last month 51 small awards were made amounting to the sum of £9 2s.

YARNS.

THE SECRET OUT.

My life has, with one exception, been singularly free from sensational incidents. I say “singularly,” because nearly every one can give you a half-dozen at least of personal experiences, which are either very strange coincidences or sufficiently uncommon to be called unnatural. You may regard the following story as a specimen of sensational romancing, but I venture to say that just as remarkable things have happened in your own life, though not perhaps resulting in so great an influence upon it, and they have, therefore, passed comparatively unnoticed.

How great an effect the incidents I am about to relate had upon me, you will understand better when they have been told.

I am a journalist by profession, and am often detained late in the City. Moreover, I was a bachelor when this affair happened, without any capacity for sentiment, so far as I then knew myself.

It was close upon midnight, in the month of December, 18—, when I ran down the steps at the Temple Station, and was just in time to fling myself into a seat in an otherwise empty second-class compartment of the District Railway. My destination was my home in a suburban district of London. The night was cold, foggy, and dank. I was chilled to the marrow, and very tired. I disobeyed the plainly-printed injunction in the compartment not to put the feet on the cushions, and stretched myself out for a nap of half an hour.

The train had no sooner left the station than sounds of subdued talking and of odd bustling movements reached me from the adjoining compartment. The partition did not extend quite to the roof of the carriage, many of the carriages on the “underground” lines being so constructed. One consequence is that noises penetrate from one compartment to another much more readily. The moment my attention was arrested by what was going on so near me I noted the following facts. I tabulated them mentally, as a journalist gets into the habit of doing when anything specially commands his notice.

There were at least two, and, perhaps, three voices, and though they were talking very rapidly and in considerable excitement, as it seemed to me, they were hushed, as though the owners of the voices were putting some restraint upon themselves. I felt at once that they were trying to avoid attracting attention. For some seconds I could not distinguish a word that was said. Then a word here and there reached me; enough to spoil my purpose of going to sleep, but no more. As I wanted to sleep and did not want to listen, it was very irritating to be kept awake in this way.

The stations on the District line, as you probably know, are only some three to four minutes apart, and as we drew up to the successive platforms the talking in the next compartment ceased, to be renewed again as soon as we started. At each station I devoutly hoped my neighbours would leave the train, but they did not, and the irritation they caused me increased, driving away finally all my drowsiness and making me more and more alert to the sounds that reached me, in spite of myself and my weariness.

We had thus passed four or five stations, for I was not quite sure at the time where we were, when the excitement on the other side of the partition appeared greatly to increase. More of what was being said reached me, and the bustling movements appeared to be increasing. Then suddenly the very blood in my veins ran icy cold.

“Thieves! Thieves!” exclaimed a voice so hoarse and muffled that it seemed to me that I could see the throat uttering the cry in the grasp of some murderous clutch.

“You have brought it upon yourself—you shall never go out of here alive!” broke on my ears from another voice, and I sprang to my feet in

terror, and an agony of uncertainty as to what course I should take to prevent a crime, which was, perhaps, already committed even while I hesitated.

The black walls of the tunnel were fitting past on each side, and to trust myself to the footboard might be death for me. For the moment, in my intense excitement I forgot the space above the partition, but now a muffled shriek reached my ears so plainly that my eyes turned impulsively in the direction whence it came. It was the work of an instant only to mount the seat, grasp the top of the partition, and pull myself up till I could look into the next compartment.

But the partition came so close to the roof of the carriage that not more than half of the compartment was visible to me. In one corner of the seat facing me sat, if I could judge from the style of her dress and her figure, a girl. I could not see her face, for her hands covered it; but her frame shook with an emotion which I could easily understand. Upon the seat next to the partition, and therefore invisible to me, were other persons—two, I surmised. I could see a man’s leg and arm thrown out partly across the compartment, and I could also see the arm of another man rise and fall with a fierce stroke—twice—thrice—as though it was plunging a knife or dagger into the breast below!

I tried to cry out, but the sound died in my throat. I felt myself growing faint, so completely unnerved was I by this frightful tragedy almost under my very eyes, but which I was powerless to arrest. If I had not let myself down upon the seat I should have fallen.

It required but a moment for me to regain command of myself in some degree, but I was labouring under such intense emotion and stress of mind that I scarcely realised the fact that the train was coming to a stand at another station. I wrenched open the door of my compartment, shouted “Guard!” with all my might, flung myself out on the platform, rushed to the next compartment and tore open the door.

Then I stopped, transfixed with amazement. The compartment was utterly empty!

I could not credit my own senses. I put my hand out where a few moments before I had seen the girl sitting, expecting it to belie my vision and touch the soft folds of the dress that covered that quivering figure; but my hand fell upon the cushioned seat without resistance. I drew my fingers across my eyes to clear them, and looked again to find the two half-recumbent figures of the murderer and his victim, but there was nothing—absolutely nothing to indicate the tragedy which my own eyes had half witnessed, and my own ears had heard. I was fairly confounded!

I can understand now how my bewildered and dazed appearance, and my eccentric behaviour, must have impressed the three or four guards and porters who came rushing up to me. What could I say to them? The things I had seen and heard did not apparently exist, and yet I was as sure of them as I was of my own existence at the moment.

But something had to be said, for I had been asked for an explanation. I stammered out some incoherent statement about having heard a shriek issue from this compartment, and I thought something was wrong.

“No, sir, no one has occupied this compartment,” was the reply I got, which I was on the point of hotly contesting, when I reflected that the evidence was really all against me, since it was, I knew, manifestly impossible for three people to have left the compartment after the train stopped without my having seen them, for I was out of the train and on the platform as soon as anyone.

Then a sudden thought occurred to me. “You will find,” said I to the guard, “either three bodies on the line just before this station is reached—or that I am mad.”

“Not quite so bad as that I hope, sir,” said one of them, “but we’ll look.” Nevertheless, it became clear to me that they suspected that I was not altogether right in the head, for I was very closely watched until I left the train at my own station, and I strongly suspect that I was followed thence to my apartments.

You may imagine that I slept little that night. Over and over again I rehearsed in memory every detail of the ride, from the moment I entered the train till I left it, in the hope of detecting somewhere a plausible explanation of the mystery—but in vain. I have no doubt you have surmised that the solution is very simple—that in my weariness of body and mind I had dropped asleep almost instantly, and dreamed the tragedy with such vividness as not to be able to distinguish it from reality. I did not fail, however, to consider this view, and to ask myself if such a

solution were possible; but I was absolutely convinced that it was not. No matter how brief or how vivid a dream may be, the dreamer, if he is sane, infallibly distinguishes the conscious from the unconscious operations of the mind. We may say of a dream—"It was as real as fact," but the very comparison shews that we do not confound the one with the other.

I therefore became convinced that I should hear something more of the occurrence—that the tragedy would come to light in some way. I searched the morning papers, half expecting that even by that time the police would have made discoveries to confirm my experience. There was not a line—not a word!

I hurried earlier than usual to the City and sought out the well-known haunts of reporters, where any thrilling bit of news would be known at once, but here again I was disappointed. There had been no tragedy—no bodies discovered—no indication of the commission of a serious crime.

Then I went to Scotland-yard and told my experience there. At last I produced an impression. My report was carefully taken down in writing, and an investigation ordered. I was at the same time cautioned not to give the matter any further publicity until they had something further to report.

But this was not the only occasion on which Scotland-yard has been baffled. Days went by and no clue to the strange mystery was forthcoming. My reputation as a dreamer of dreams extended to that department, and, though I knew that I was right, I was fain to hold my tongue over a matter apparently so hopelessly shrouded in mystery.

It was some months after my thrilling midnight ride on the "Underground" that I first met Jessie Fotheringay. Her father I had long known personally. In fact there were few newspaper men who did not know him as an actor of fair ability and a sterling, though not brilliant, man in every sense. Miss Jessie, too, had been trained for the stage, and had been taking some very subordinate parts for a few months prior to the time when I made her acquaintance. I soon became a rather frequent visitor at Mr. Fotheringay's house, and, moreover, I soon discovered that I had a capacity for sentiment, for I fell in love with Jessie, madly, in love, but not hopelessly; for since I was wholly unable to conceal my passion, I began to take hope in time that I could trust to certain evidences of some return to my affection.

A happier, more loving household than that of the Fotheringays I never knew. Father, mother, daughter were devoted to each other, and one who knew their home life would have said that hitherto at least no cloud—no shadow—could have ever fallen across their threshold. Surely, you would have thought, here at least there is no skeleton hidden away.

I had never mentioned to a single soul the awful tragedy I had witnessed on that grim December night, since my final interview with the authorities at Scotland-yard. Not even my most intimate friends knew what I had seen and heard; nor did I ever open my lips upon it here in this happy home circle, where I was welcomed as an intimate friend, and finally came to be welcomed with a closer interest when Jessie and I became engaged to be married, with the frank consent of her father and mother. Nevertheless, I had never forgotten—never could forget—those terrible moments, and I felt convinced that sometime and somewhere the secret would be revealed to me. There is no doubt that the inexplicable mystery which surrounded it served to keep the affair more vivid in my recollection. It was always present as an undercurrent of active memory in every conscious moment of my life, ready to burst into full and engrossing vigour with the slightest inducement.

Such, then, was the situation when, one perfect summer day, the Fotheringays and I, with two or three mutual friends, went for a day's excursion into the country. Everybody was in the highest spirits, and nothing happened to mar the perfection of the holiday until we were in the train on our return journey to London. We were all in one compartment, and no stranger to our party had intruded upon us. There was no necessity for restraint, therefore, and we could be as merry as we chose. Jokes, repartee, and harmless badinage flew fast and furious, and our peals of laughter must have awakened responsive smiles, if there was anyone in the adjoining compartment to hear them.

Of the little party, I am sure that none was happier than Jessie and I. We had had an entire day together, a rare privilege indeed; and I had never seen her more radiant and bewitching than

at this moment when a terrible shadow was hovering over us. As for myself, I can only say that the day had been the most joyous I had ever spent, and now with the consciousness that it was fast drawing to an end I hardly took my eyes from Jessie's face, except to bear my part in the rollicking fun of my companions.

Suddenly, at some fresh witticism which sent us all into a roar, Jessie flung herself back into the corner of the compartment, where she was sitting, bursting into a peal of laughter, and impulsively covering her face with her hands, as if to stifle the outburst into more decorous limits. The attitude, the figure, the position, the place, the very quivering of the body under the effort to put a restraint upon an emotion which clearly bordered upon hysteria, made an exact reproduction of the vision I had seen months ago. The laughter died upon my lips. All the horror of that night returned upon me in an irresistible wave of recollection.

Someone caught sight of my face; I don't remember which of the party, but that is immaterial. "Look at West!" he exclaimed, "one would think he had seen a ghost." Every eye was drawn to me by this appeal. Jessie's hands dropped from her face, and the resemblance was no longer there before me in torturing likeness to the girl who had witnessed that awful tragedy. Nevertheless I could not at once shake off the oppression that weighed upon me, and my replies to the gay badinage that was showered upon me were constrained and irrelevant as I well knew, in spite of every effort I could make to command myself.

Fortunately our journey was nearly at an end. Our party separated at the station, where I was again compelled to endure some good-natured jeers over my ghost-seeing, and then I started to walk home with the Fotheringays; father and mother going on in advance, while I took charge of Jessie. Gladly would I have avoided, for that evening at least, this *l'été-d'été* walk, for I knew that her love would not suffer her to treat as lightly as the others had done those signs of unaccountable emotion, and yet how could I explain? Was she or was she not the girl I had seen with covered face and trembling body on that December night? Absurd, you may say, to connect the two by an accident so slight, a resemblance so undefined and trifling. Not so, however, was I affected by it. Though it may have been the merest coincidence, yet something, inexplicable to myself even, impressed me far too acutely to be dispelled. I had been looking long for a clue. My anxiety to solve that mystery had become a passion with me. Was this a clue at last?

But until I had something more definite than I had as yet, I could not explain to Jessie what the cause of my emotion was. Though it was clear enough that her part in the tragedy was not an active one, to recall that scene to her must have a painful effect upon her, if she had indeed been a passive spectator. Do not let it be supposed that I ever for an instant suspected Jessie of being other than I had taken her to be since first I knew her, the purest, best, most worthy of women; but I could not help asking myself what possible dark page in her history did the events of that night point to, if I should discover that it was she whom I saw crouching and trembling, and covering her eyes from the murder which her presence could not prevent, and about which she had been compelled to silence from that day to this?

"What was it, Fred?" were her first words to me when we were clear of the others and by ourselves.

"Nothing, Jessie; at least nothing that I can talk about now."

"But you were gazing straight at me, and with such a look of anguish on your face. Had I done anything to offend you?"

"What folly, my darling! You couldn't do anything to offend me. It was merely nothing. I will tell you some day."

"There! see how you contradict yourself. You say it is nothing, and yet that you will tell me some day. I know it was something dreadful. Wasn't it?"

Her pleading tones and appealing eyes—the tender pressure of her hand upon my arm—the incongruity between this fair young face at my side and that scene of wrath and blood—all combined to make my task tenfold harder—yes, impossible at that moment, at all events. But I must know. I said to myself, sooner or later I must know. I owed that much to myself, and to both of us, indeed. There should be no shadowy past to rise up and plague us in after years. Whatever there was, she was innocent of all, save possibly the conviction that comes from keeping silent, and ever

so much might have been due, nay, *must* have been due, to the insistence, perhaps the threats, of others.

Jessie was waiting for my answer. "Dreadful!" I exclaimed with a shudder. "Yes; no one but you and I, Jessie, know how dreadful."

Her pleading gaze changed to one of bewilderment. "You and I!" she murmured; "why do you join me in it? What is it all about? Fred, why do you yet talk so strangely? You have never been like this before."

"I never had cause to be," said I.

"Well you are very trying and very provoking," she began petulantly, and then her love again gaining the ascendancy, the soft pleading returned to her voice. "But there, I am too impulsive, Fred; I know something must have happened very serious to change you so suddenly and make you so different from the Fred you have always been. Never mind! Some day you will trust me and tell me, and I'll be patient till some day comes."

This was more than I could stand, and placed my hesitation and unwillingness to face the issue at once in a bad light. Why could I not trust her as she trusted me?

A sudden inspiration seized me. "Jessie"—it was my turn to plead now—"only give me till to-morrow evening and I will keep nothing back from you. God bless you, darling, for your love and trust, but you must let me put it to a further test—a strange test, too," I added.

"What is it?" she asked eagerly.

I hesitated, for the request I had to make would, I could foresee, sound strangely trivial, almost grotesque, and like a mockery in comparison with the incident which had led up to it and the seriousness which was oppressing us both. But however unnatural my desire might seem to her, it was real enough, grave enough, to me. Upon its result might depend another and more convincing proof of what I already half believed. Oh! Why did I ever go a step further in my search for a key to that mystery which so haunted me? Why did I not then and there make some plausible excuse for the emotion I had shewn and dismiss the whole affair, past memory and present suspicions, from my mind for ever?

Instead of that wiser course, however, I allowed myself to drift onwards. "Don't be surprised," I half stammered, "at the oddness of what I am going to ask you, Jessie. Trust me that I have the best of reasons for it, which I promise you you shall know in good time." She assured me by a look, and I went on blindly to my fate. "I want to know in the first place," I said, "if you still have the outdoor garments, hats, jackets, and the like which you wore at any time last winter."

She gazed into my eyes first with a puzzled look as if she only half understood me, then with an expression of alarm, as if she doubted my perfect sanity, and finally with a quizzical archness, as though there was really something funny in my question. Poor girl! she little knew my real purpose. She saw, however, that I was at least in earnest and presently she answered me, gravely enough, that she thought she had everything, and was I trying to find out whether she husbanded her wardrobe?

"Be serious, Jessie," said I, "I am not jesting—it is too serious for jesting. Shew them all to me to-morrow evening, will you? Then I shall know what to say."

Of course she assented, and then I lost no time in turning our talk to something else, lovers' nothings it may be. My only object was to keep away from the one dangerous topic. I know, however, that it continued uppermost in my own mind, and I have no doubt it was uppermost in Jessie's, during the remainder of our walk to her father's house. There we parted as we always parted, and as though nothing had happened to disturb the even tenor of our love-making.

How I got through my work of the next day I cannot imagine. I felt that the coming evening was to make a crisis in my life, and such a prospect is, to say the least, disquieting. I had as clear and perfect a vision in my mind of the appearance of the girl, whom alone of the occupants of that mysterious compartment I had plainly seen, as if she was then visibly before my eyes. Hat, jacket, dress—I should know them all. Only the face I did not see. And what would be the verdict of the evening? No one who realises a tithe of the emotions that possessed me can fail to understand what an overwhelming importance I attached to the test I was about to make.

And at last the evening came. I thought I detected, when Jessie came to welcome me, that her manner shewed the least bit of constraint. At another time it might have passed unnoticed.

but I was myself labouring under such a mental stress that every faculty was preternaturally acute.

Whenever I spent an evening at the Fothingays', Jessie and I usually found ourselves in a little room, which was called the "music-room." It adjoined that in which Mr. and Mrs. Fothingay usually sat, and over the keys of the piano or some neglected book we said those things which lovers never mean for other ears to hear. To this room on this eventful evening, too, and in no long time after my arrival, we betook ourselves, and hardly had we crossed the threshold when I whispered, "Are the things here, Jessie?"

"No, but I will get them," and slipping out of the room she soon came back with her arms full. My heart was beating violently, but it seemed to stop as if suddenly turned to ice, as I recognised, among the two or three hats she bore on one arm and hand, the identical one I had seen on that fatal night! Jessie herself must have felt by some occult sympathy that I was greatly moved, however unaccountable it was to her, for she looked at me gravely, and silently questioning, as if she would ask me what further wish I might have.

I took the hat in my hand, and picked out a warm fur-trimmed jacket, which I recognised only too well, and asked her to put them on, to seat herself in a chair I pointed out at the further side of the little room, and to cover her face with her hands.

Without a question she set about obeying me, while I turned my back upon her, asking her to tell me when she had posed herself as I desired. In a few moments I heard a soft "Now" from her lips, and nerved myself to meet what I now felt convinced was the truth. Summoning all my self-command, I turned, and literally staggered back into a chair, for there before me sat the unhappy girl who shared with me the guilty secret of that midnight assassination!

Jessie sprang from her chair and came hurriedly towards me, now thoroughly and genuinely alarmed at my emotion. "Take them off!" I implored her in a voice strangely unlike my own. She obeyed me without a word, and then, standing before me, simply asked: "What does it all mean, Fred?"

"Sit down here by my side, Jessie, and I will tell you all I know. It shall be for you to supply the sequel and tell me what I do not know." Then I began, and in a faltering voice told once more the awful experience of that gruesome night. I told it all unflinchingly, and with my eyes fixed upon her face, and when I came to the end I said, "And you, Jessie, have just proved to me beyond the shadow of a doubt in my own mind that you were the girl I saw crouching in the corner of the compartment with her face covered by her hands to shut out the frightful scene that was being enacted before her!"

To my indescribable amazement, Jessie was as calm and unimpassioned as ever in my life I had known her. She simply turned her innocent eyes up to mine and asked "What day in December was it?"

"The eighteenth," I answered coldly.

She burst into a fit of laughter, so spontaneous, so overwhelming, so prolonged, that I trembled. Had my story and the memories it aroused—had the consciousness that another was in the dreadful secret—suddenly sapped the foundations of her reason, and driven her raving mad?

"Jessie! Jessie!" I implored, "Control yourself."

Mr. and Mrs. Fothingay came rushing into the room at my alarmed cry. "What is it?" screamed the mother.

With a supreme effort Jessie was able to put sufficient restraint upon herself to utter a few disconnected but intelligible sentences. "O mamma!" she gasped, "Mr. West has been telling me—such a curdling romance—how he witnessed—a frightful murder—in a second-class carriage—on the 'Underground'—last December—and he looked over the top of the partition—and saw me shuddering—in one corner—with my hands over my eyes—and it was only papa and Tom Braden—rehearsing the cave scene—in the 'Forty Thieves'!"

Well, the murder was out at last; the mystery was solved! When I recovered sufficiently to put some questions, and the others recovered sufficiently to answer them, I learned that Jessie and her father and a brother actor, named Braden, were just returning from a rehearsal of a Christmas pantomime, and Braden was showing Mr. Fothingay how he had once seen Cassim killed in the cave of the Forty Thieves in a pantomime at a small provincial theatre. It was exquisitely

funny, and Jessie was snaking with laughter, not horror, in her corner of the compartment.

"But wait!" said I, as an unexplained circumstance rushed upon my mind; "how is it that you were not in the compartment when I got to the door and opened it?"

"I can only account for that," said Mr. Fothingay, "by supposing that when you tumbled from your perch your excitement unbalanced you a little, and that you got confused and rushed to the compartment on the wrong side of yours."

Mrs. West, *née* Fothingay, and I have often talked it over since, and can never come to any other conclusion.

IN TIME.

"Must you really, really go, Roy?"

"Yes, dear heart,

Thou'st the winds may blow,

Our good ship must go,

And with it, Roy, the sailor."

"Don't call it a 'good' ship. It isn't a 'good' ship, or it wouldn't tear you away from me when I most need your aid and sympathy." So poutingly spoke Laura Lynton, the dark-eyed darling of her father's heart, and the disturber of the peace of mind of a score of metropolitan and provincial Romeos.

"If she be not a good ship, Laura mine, then our parting to-night may be 'for ever and aye' as the old song says," Lieutenant Roy Ringland made answer. How his deep, manly voice trembled as he pronounced the words, "for ever and aye!" The prospect which they conjured up terrified the beautiful girl, whom he held in a fond embrace. She drew closer to her lover's heart, and then ended an interval of eloquent silence thus:—

"But why do they want you to sail on Christmas day, of all the days in the year?"

"That, sweetheart, is the Admiralty's secret," responded "handsome Roy Ringland," the pride of his superior officers, and the idol of the crew of H.M.S. Rattler.

"Then I hate Admiralties, and I detest secrets."

"Except —"

"When they are between you and me."

"Absence, Laura, makes the heart grow fonder —"

"Of somebody else, sometimes."

"Ah! dear child, you know that my love —"

"Yes, yes, I can guess what you are going to say. That is no secret. But that is no particular merit. I am as deeply in love. Do you dare to deny it?" the maiden asked, uplifting her beautiful face, which wore an expression of mock-defiance, and challenging a denial. The man of the sea was cowed completely. He resorted to a piece of strategy almost, but not quite, as old as the hills. In fine, he "tasted the nectar of her lips," as old-time Massinger has it. The diversion was successful—as it has ever been, since Adam made the discovery that Eve was fair to look upon.

It was Christmas Eve, when Roy and Laura whispered all these "sweet nothings." They were strolling among the giant oaks of Lynton Park, whose gaunt, leafless forms flung their grotesque shadows athwart the moonlit, frost-bound sward. Quite oblivious were they both of the placid splendour of the landscape amidst which they were exchanging their vows of undying affection. True, ever and anon they cast hasty furtive glances in the direction of the Manor, whose stern lord slumbered, all unconscious of the stolen interview between his winsome daughter and her proscribed lover. These were the only signs or tokens of interest evinced by the Cupid-stricken pair in aught outside the dream-world in which they lived and moved and had their being, and where all was bliss ineffable.

It had been better for both of them had they been less absorbed; for then they might have observed that sinister figure, which, moving with panther-like stealth among the shadows, dogged their footsteps on that memorable night.

Yes, the interview was a stolen one. Hence its exceeding sweetness. Forbear to rail, ye moralists, forbear awhile. Ye shall have your revenge. Nemesis is even now lurking among the stately oaks of Lynton Park, is even now pursuing his victims with velvet-footed tread.

Squire Lynton, whose only child we have found lovingly lingering in the arms of Lieutenant Ringland, was a man whom the world called hard. Indeed, the gossips glibly and confidently

declared that his unsympathetic nature had driven his wife from his side two years after the birth of Laura. Be that as it may, it is certain that Mrs. Lynton shook the dust of the Manor from her feet, and sought consolation and oblivion in a life of headlong dissipation. In due time the deserted husband demanded and obtained his release from the irksome conjugal bond. His faithless consort forthwith made haste to secure a marital successor to the morose squire in the person of the erstwhile co-respondent, an admiral in the French navy, whom Lynton had met in Paris, and had entertained at the Manor. The betrayer of his host's hospitality lived to bitterly regret his treachery, for his newly-found bride dragged his name through the mire a second time within half-a-year of the nuptials. Six months later Death arrested her in her vicious career. A young student, upon whom she had lavished her fatal charms, in a paroxysm of jealousy, plunged a poniard into her wicked heart, as she sat in a *café chantant* in the Latin Quarter of "the gay city," and escaped the penalty of human justice by turning the death-dealing steel against his own breast. All that was mortal of the woman was huddled away in a nameless grave in an obscure corner of the cemetery of Père Lachaise. So perished Laura Lynton's wretched mother.

The effect of these untoward events upon the Squire was to intensify his moroseness and to inspire him with an implacable hatred of everybody and everything connected with the sea. To two persons only in the whole wide world did this grave and taciturn old man unbend. His daughter, Laura, he loved with all the love of which such a nature as his was capable. She alone could thaw his frozen heart, alone could subjugate his iron will. This was so, he told himself whenever he sought for a motive for his passionate adoration of his child, because she bore no resemblance in either face or disposition to the mother who had so deeply dishonoured him. The one other being with whom he deigned to hold converse was his neighbour, Ralph Radcliffe, a miserly misanthrope, whose gloomy uncharitableness and ingrained distrust of everything human marked him out as a congenial companion of Lawrence Lynton.

This Ralph Radcliffe, who, like his crony, was a widower, owned an only son, whose twin ambitions were to squander his father's wealth and to possess the hand and fortune of Laura Lynton. The Squire, loth as he was to part with his heart's delight, was not quite averse from a match between his daughter and Reuben Radcliffe, of whom, however, he knew naught save that which his parsimonious parent chose to say in praise of him. The Lord of the Manor had hinted his wishes in this matter to Laura, and had gone so far on two or three occasions as to advance Reuben's suit by proxy. As for the girl herself, she took no pains to conceal the precise state of her feelings towards the hope of the house of Radcliffe, which was one of serene indifference. She performed towards him all the social courtesies due from a refined and politely educated lady, but with neither more nor less emphasis than would have characterised them when paid to any casual acquaintance of the opposite sex.

One June morning she found herself alone with Reuben in her father's drawing-room. Her companion lost no time in diverting the conversation into a channel through which the talk flowed into the subject of the tender passion. He ended by declaring his consuming affection and imploring her to place her future in his keeping. Her first reply was kindly. She thanked him for the honour he had done her, but added firmly and decisively that her heart's love was bestowed upon another. "That other," she said, boldly, unhesitatingly, "is Mr. Roy Ringland." The avowal angered the man. A violent battle of words ensued. So hot grew the verbal fray that Laura was compelled to retreat towards the bell-handle. Reuben bade her stay her hand, and strode out of her presence with a murderous scowl upon his face.

This Reuben was by no means ill-favoured in the matter of personal gifts. Indeed, his exterior was passable enough. He owned a suite of fairly regular features. His forehead, from which was brushed a mass of raven-black hair, was broad and high. A nose of the aquiline order, a small thin-tipped mouth, and a pair of dark glittering eyes completed the noteworthy points of his countenance. Those orbs of his, though, were too deeply set in their sockets, and were too near each other to impart a frank or open expression to the pale, clean-shaven face of Roy Ringland's rival. The glance of the man was the glance of a fox. His smile was the smile of the hyena. A keen observer, knowing the sire, would

not fail to pierce the man's education had taught the son to wear discreetly and adroitly, and trace in Reuben all the bad qualities of the strain, and a few worse to boot. The turpitude of his nature looked out through his eyes, when the possessor was taken off his guard. At such times his innate ferocity asserted itself in his tightly-closed lips. When his tall, lithe form was at rest the man appeared to be crouching for a spring upon some invisible prey. His gait resembled nothing so nearly as the cautious, measured tread of the tiger. Such was Reuben Radcliffe—such the man who had conceived a passion, which he deemed worthy of the name of love, for Squire Lynton's daughter, and with whom Roy Ringland had to reckon as a rival.

Roy Ringland, who was the son of jovial, open-handed, soft-hearted Sir Roger, had "tried his luck," as his indulgent father jocosely put it, with Squire Lynton. He told the harsh old man he idolised his daughter, and swore before Heaven that if he would but consent to their union, the child upon whom he so fondly doted should never know a moment's unhappiness that he could avert. The Squire did not fly into a passion. That was not his way. He merely granted out brusquely, brutally, "No, sir, you shall not have my daughter. I would sooner mate her with the village sweep than commit her to the tender mercies of a sailor. Go, sir, go aboard, and sail away to the wives you have in every port."

In vain the young man averred his fidelity to Laura, and to Laura alone. In vain, with the desperate eloquence of sincere adoration he declared that he would love and cherish her unto his life's end. His passionate pleading, his vehement avowal, reaped no other reward than, "No, sir, a thousand times, no! No daughter of mine shall wed a sailor." Roy turned upon his heel and departed, flattering himself that so far he had done his duty. The future must look to itself. From the hour in which he sued for her hand old Lynton kept strict watch and ward over his enchanting daughter. When he heard of Reuben's repulse he bade him be patient, for women's minds were changeable as the weather-vane. But Reuben knew that Laura's determination was as fixed as Fate's. Yes, he would be patient, this Reuben would, until the moment for revenge arrived, and only until then. Meanwhile his adviser flattered himself that every thought of Laura's was known to him. But had he had the eyes of Argus they would not have availed him against the perseverance of Roy Ringland's love. "Love will find a way" is as true as ever it was. In truth it had found full many a way in the case of Roy and Laura.

As witness—here, on this glorious moonlit Christmas Eve, were they engaged in one's soft dalliance within gunshot of the maiden's father, who, as was his wont, had retired to rest as the clocks were striking nine, and was at the moment our story opens sleeping the sleep of the misanthrope and misogynist. But a little hour must pass away, and the joy-bells in a thousand steeples would be welcoming with merry peals of thanksgiving the return of that Christmas which "comes but once a year." Yet our entrancing Juliet and our comely Romeo lingered, and dared not say farewell.

"Roy, what was that?" suddenly cried Laura, startled from her delicious reverie. It was but a bat, the tip of whose wing had ruffled her auburn tresses as he flew by. In his blindness the hideous mouse-bird dashed himself against the trunk of an ancient oak, and fell dead at the feet of Roy Ringland!

In vain did the young sailor strive to reassure his bride-elect. He drew her closer to him to convince her that he would shield her from harm. She trembled like an aspen-leaf, and shuddered with a nameless dread. Well she might, had she caught a glimpse of the distorted features of Reuben Radcliffe, as he crouched among the trees, and drew from his pocket a weapon she would have been terror-stricken to behold in such hands and at such a time.

"Oh! Roy, it is an evil omen. Do not sail to-morrow. I shall never, never see you again. Do not leave me."

"Come, come, darling, you must be my own brave Laura. Your nerves are unstrung. It was cruel, selfish, to detain you in the night air so long and so late. But it is so hard to say 'Good-bye.' Hope on, as I do. And now, my darling, good night. May Heaven bless you. I cannot, I will not, mock you with wishes for a merry Christmas."

"No, no, do not, if you love me."

"As you know I do, better than my life."

The man among the shadows had changed his mind, had, for a reason which will shortly dis-

close itself, abandoned his intention when he seized his pistol. He returned the weapon, which he had held levelled in a steady aim for fully five minutes, to the receptacle whence he drew it. The murderous look was in his eyes still, for all that.

Meanwhile the lovers walked with unwilling steps towards the Manor. They had reached the extremity of an avenue of noble oaks, and were about to traverse another which led in the direction of Laura's destination, when, without a word of warning, they found themselves FACE TO FACE WITH SQUIRE LYNTON!!!

Roy stifled the cry of surprise which sprang to his lips, and then swiftly drew Laura, who was stricken dumb, aside. The Squire passed on, and spoke never a word! He was asleep! His daughter's lover perceiving in the broad moonlight, in which he stood for a moment, the far-away look in his eyes and the vacant expression upon the old man's face divined the truth instantaneously. Quick as thought he whispered a hasty explanation, bade his lady-love a hurried adieu, and she fled towards the Manor with the speed of a frightened fawn.

Here then was the reason for the change of tactics on the part of the intending assassin who skulked among the shadows. From his hiding-place he had perceived the approach of the Squire, and had gleefully anticipated a sweeter revenge, and one fraught with less risk to his precious neck than that which he had contemplated. The scene which he had just witnessed soon bore home to his mind the true state of affairs. He had reckoned without the somnambulist. "Baulked!" he hissed; "but," he added with a devilish grin, "my little friend" (here he apostrophised his pistol) "my little friend and I will be even with you yet, young Shiver-my-timbbers."

Having convinced himself that Laura was safe, and that she would reach home undiscovered by her father, Roy turned to follow the Squire, prepared to shield him from harm, even at the risk of being denounced for prowling about the Park at so unseemly an hour. He had scarcely taken the resolve, when old Lynton, having evidently awakened suddenly, made a rush towards home, but, having scarcely recovered his full consciousness, he stumbled and fell, dashing his head with terrific force against the trunk of the second of a pair of monster oaks known as the Two Kings. He uttered a single low moan, and all was silent as the tomb. The old man lay there motionless. Roy bounded to his side with the agility of a chamois, and endeavoured by every means within his power to revive animation. All his efforts were futile. Stiff and lifeless Squire Lynton lay with a gaping wound on the skull.

"My God! He is dead," cried the young lieutenant in an agonised voice.

"Yes, dead; and you, Roy Ringland, are his murderer," hoarsely shrieked Reuben Radcliffe, who had sprung from his lurking place, and now stood over the body, with an expression of fiendish exultation upon his livid face.

"Liar!" shouted Roy, leaping to his feet, when he had recovered from the mental paralysis which the hideous accusation had inflicted, at the same time rushing headlong towards his rival. He was too late. Reuben was speeding towards the Manor, his vengeful eagerness to disseminate the lie lending wings to his feet. As he mounted the steps before the main entrance of the grand old mansion, the bells rang out a wild peal, proclaiming the advent of the natal day of the great herald of "peace on earth and goodwill towards all men." He found the door ajar. Deeming his mission of sufficient urgency to dispense with all ceremony, he unhesitatingly entered the spacious and lofty hall, where the darkness was made visible by a dimly-lighted lamp which swung from the vaulted roof. From one of the many doors which opened upon this hall Laura, disturbed by the sound of footsteps, emerged, pale as the moonlight. She advanced towards the approaching form, and was almost within arm's length of it, when she started back in amazement.

"Mr. Reuben!" she cried.

The man assumed an expression of sadness, and said, in a low, sorrowful tone,

"You expected your father?"

"Yes, yes," she replied, thrown off her guard by her anxiety as to his fate, and by the ominously mournful demeanour of her unexpected visitor.

"I have bad news of him," he proceeded in a sepulchral tone.

"Great Heavens! Come in here, Mr. Reuben, and tell me all, tell me the worst," she exclaimed, hastening back into the chamber which she had just quitted, and beckoning her informant to follow her. Turning up the light she gasped out,

"Where is he, my dear father? Speak, speak, for Heaven's sake. Let me go to him this instant."

"Your father, I grieve to say, lies dead in the Park," answered the lying hypocrite slowly and solemnly, as though reluctant to impart the melancholy intelligence.

"Dead! dead!" she repeated, and falling on her knees, buried her face in her hands on the table, and sobbed as though her heart would break.

"Worse remains to be told, Miss Lynton. He was brutally murdered," he added deliberately.

"What villain—"

"Roy Ringland," he declared, without hesitation.

"I do not believe you," shrieked Laura, springing to her feet, and confronting her lover's accuser, her eyes darting forth the while a glance of incredulous defiance.

"I fear, Miss Lynton, you will find less interested persons than yourself more easy to convince. I saw the crime committed with my own eyes."

"It is a wicked lie, Reuben Radcliffe. I see it all. I know your contemptible motive," exclaimed Laura, as she gazed with a look of withering scorn upon her torturer.

"I tell you, Miss Lynton, your father and your precious lover met. Mr. Lynton remonstrated with him for luring his daughter from her home to a secret assignation. High words were followed by blows. Your father hurled your father to the ground, where he now lies lifeless. I tell you I witnessed the crime."

"It is false—false as your own black heart."

"Nay, more"—here he dropped the mask—"I saw all that preceded their encounter. I overheard every word which passed between you and your father's murderer. Miss Lynton is not quite so eligible a beauty as she was an hour ago. Roy Ringland will not sail to-day."

"Enough, coward, eavesdropper! No one will believe such a fiend," cried the demented girl, as she rang the bell, which gave forth a peal that startled the whole of the slumbering household. Reuben drew his handkerchief from his pocket, and with it came the pistol, which fell upon the floor.

"See! see!" the girl screamed, pointing to the weapon. "It is you who are the murderer, if murder has been done." He advanced to pick up the pistol.

"No, no!" Laura cried, placing her tiny foot upon it, "let it lie there, that all may look upon the evidence of your guilt." Reuben only smiled a demon's smile, and left the weapon where it had fallen.

By this time the servants were crowding into the room, when unwonted sounds at the main portal drew their attention thither. There stood Roy Ringland bearing in his strong arms the body of Squire Lynton, which was carried into the drawing-room, and laid upon a couch. Reuben Radcliffe was the first to break the mournful silence which fell upon the spectators of the sorry sight. He spoke in a clear, confident voice.

"It is my painful duty to inform you that your master has been foully murdered, and to denounce Mr. Roy Ringland as the assassin."

The accused sprang towards the speaker with the unmistakable intention of thrusting the foul lie down his throat. He was thwarted in his purpose by a couple of lusty menservants, who seized and overpowered the enraged gentleman.

"What! is not one victim enough, Roy Ringland?" sneered the heir of the house of Radcliffe, perceiving himself to be well out of harm's way, for the nonce at all events. The clanging of the merry Christmas bells sounded like the mocking laughter of fiends.

Laura had thrown herself upon the body of her father, and in a wild, passionate manner was conjuring him by the great love she bore him to speak to her. She called him by all the pet names by which she had been wont to address him, and implored him to come back to life and her again.

Suddenly a loud cry of joy, which they who heard it could never forget, went ringing through the room. "Thank God! Thank God! He breathes, he lives!" The girl's outburst of thanksgiving was followed by a low moan from the man whom all had given over as dead. Dr. Maitland, who arrived at that moment, confirmed Laura's announcement.

"Yes," said the medical man, after carefully examining his patient, "he lives; but I fear his reason is hopelessly impaired."

"Then I am not robbed of all my revenge," muttered Reuben, and heaved a sigh of relief, which those about him interpreted as being an expression of regret for the sad prospect.

Lieutenant Ringland was arrested on the information of his relentless rival on the charge of the attempted murder of Squire Lynton. Reuben

swore again that he was a witness of the crime, and described with plausible minuteness every detail in connection with his accusation. He satisfied his thirst for vengeance with the reflection that if suspicion did not end in conviction, at least the good name of Roy Ringland would be tarnished beyond retrieval, and the haughty maiden who had spurned his proffered love with scorn would be overwhelmed with disgrace and dishonour.

In addition to the testimony of the alleged eye-witness of the supposed crime evidence was adduced during the magisterial investigation as to the motive for its commission. Unfortunately for Roy there was enough and to spare. Had not the Squire indignantly refused his daughter's hand in marriage to the accused? Had he not forbidden her to hold any converse with him? Had not the injured man warned his servants against concealment of any assignation between the lovers? Had he not frequently been heard to denounce the prisoner as "a scoundrel who sought to filch from him his sole remaining consolation in this world?" Then, to take a higher ground, was it not reasonable to presume that Roy Ringland should desire to remove all evidence of his stolen interview with his sweetheart, under circumstances the publication of which might bring dishonour upon her fair fame? Against the fact that the prisoner had borne his victim in his arms to the Manor it was argued that he had adopted that course, after he had been accused by Reuben Radcliffe of slaying him. It was admitted that it might be true that his accuser entertained considerable animus against him. But then, there was no love lost between these men, and the word of one, all things being equal, was as trustworthy as that of the other. Whatever might be thought of the conduct of the eye-witness in eavesdropping, his statement bore the impress of truth. He explained that on the fatal night he was crossing Lynton Park on his way homeward, when he heard voices. His curiosity got the better of his sense of honour. He listened. That was all; but that fact in no way affected the guilt or innocence of the man arraigned for the crime. Thus the prosecution. The defence was a plain denial of the terrible charge, and a recountal of the facts already in the possession of the reader. Reluctantly their worship—who, to a man, were well affected towards the dashing young lieutenant and his genial sire—were compelled to declare that there was a *prima facie* case against Roy; and he was duly committed to take his trial at the assizes.

Squire Lynton had lain in an unconscious state since the moment he had fallen in the shadows of The Two Kings in his own park. The skull was terribly fractured, a portion of the shattered bone impinging on the brain. The patient's robust constitution, the result of careful dieting and regular living, stood him in good stead. His physicians were able to supply sustaining nourishment. They were unanimous in their belief that he might live many months—nay, possibly years. The brain mischief troubled them. Laura was a constant attendant at the bedside of her father. From the sick chamber she had indited a letter bedewed with tears to her imprisoned lover, full of tender avowals of her belief in his guiltlessness. She bade him trust in Him from whom no secrets are hid to establish his innocence, and called Heaven to witness that her heart was unchanged towards him.

As for Roy, this was the only pure ray of light which pierced the gloom of his lonely cell. His friends strove to console him with the assurance that no jury would convict him of the heinous crime upon the mere oath of his deadliest enemy. "Even so," he would reply, "a cloud of suspicion will hang over me whilst I live. I shall never be able to lift up my head among honest men again. And Laura, too—oh, it is cruel, cruel, cruel." Then he would lash himself into a fury, and vow that he would tear "that perjured hound, Radcliffe, limb from limb."

Reuben was unremitting in his inquiries as to the progress made by Squire Lynton. He, for choice, would have had him dead. Then the secret of his villainy would have been buried with him. The invariable answer to his oft-repeated question, that the patient sustained his bodily strength, but that there was no hope that his reason would ever resume its accustomed sway, dispelled all fear of discovery, and comforted the miscreant, when he was compelled to confess to himself that Laura's former indifference towards him had deepened into unutterable hate. Another circumstance made this reflection the more consolatory to his baffled mind. Whilst collecting all available evidence to substantiate the case against the accused the police had come across the diary of the Squire, which lay open upon his *ecritoire* in his study. The last entry, presumably made just before he retired to rest

upon that eventful Christmas Eve, ran thus: "Why should I hate Roy Ringland? I know not, except it be that he loves my daughter. Where is the cause for hate in this? Who does not love my Laura? God bless her! Then must I hate the whole world? Shall I blast and blight two young lives because my own was ruined? No, I will speak with this young fellow to-morrow."

"Too late, my penitent misanthrope," soliloquised Reuben, with malignant triumph, when he read the passage. Alas! Fate seemed to echo those words, "Too late!"

Early on the morning of the third day prior to that on which Roy was to be placed at the bar to plead to the indictment for the attempted murder of Squire Lynton, Reuben made his usual call at the Manor. In reply to his now stereotyped interrogation, he was informed that "two new doctors from London" had arrived late on the previous evening.

"Ah! then, your poor master is worse?" eagerly asked young Radcliffe.

"I'm afraid so," the serving maid answered, wiping a tear from the corner of her eyes with her apron. The Squire, stern though he was, was never unjust towards his inferiors. He had always commanded respect, if not affection, of a certain kind in the household. Hence the expression of unfeigned sorrow on the part of the girl.

"How sad, how very sad!" said Reuben, in a mock-melancholy tone. "Let us hope for the best. He may disappoint our worst fears after all," he added.

"I do hope so, sir," the girl said sincerely.

"Good! It's all over with him now. Two physicians! Wheresoever the carcass is, &c. A fig for the diary. My secret is safe until Doomsday; and I can wait until then for retribution." Thus soliloquised Reuben, when he was well out of earshot.

The court was thronged to its utmost capacity, when the handsome young lieutenant, Roy Ringland, in clear ringing confident tones, pleaded in answer to the formal question of the clerk of arraigns, "Not guilty." All the county magnates, friends and foes—the latter were in a miserable minority—put in an appearance, as well as such of the tradesmen of Lynton as had wives, or sons, or daughters, "to mind the shop" in their absence. Not a few of the worthy chapmen had put up the shutters and hied to the centre of all interest, for that day at least, in—shire. The high social standing of the parties concerned, and the serious character of the issue involved, apart from the unquenchable love for scandal which resides in the ordinary human breast, focussed the attention of the British public upon the trial. What crushing and squeezing there was to gain admission to that portion of the building known as "the back of the court," sacred to the humbler members of the community! A knot of Lynton villagers, who had tramped ten long miles to see "Muster Roy 'quitted," had, by means of a judicious concentration of their forces fought their way to the front row. When the prisoner declared right stoutly that he was innocent, this earnest band of peasants roared, "Hear, hear, Muster Roy." Their laudable ardour was considerably damped when the judge threatened them with ejectment if they repeated the indecorous ebullition. They grumbled a little, and then resolved to possess their souls in patience.

The prosecution was proceeded with, and was conducted very much upon the lines already indicated. Formal evidence as to the condition of the injured man's mind was put in, and it was decided that it was such that his testimony would be worthless in the interests of justice. An eloquent Queen's Counsel—a bosom friend of Sir Roger Ringland—delivered a powerful address for the defence. The villagers with difficulty restrained their feelings of gratitude towards the orator, as he sat down at the close of his effective speech. The learned advocate would have been "chaired" willingly, had not several substantial obstacles in the shape of stout oaken barriers intervened between him and his enthusiastic bucolic admirers. The judge summed up the evidence for and against the prisoner, who all through the ordeal assumed the calm demeanour of a man conscious of his innocence, with a dispassionate impartiality which did not meet with the unqualified approval of the villagers, who coughed their sentiments at numerous points in his address. His lordship concluded, and invited the jury to retire and consider their verdict. The twelve good men and true rose to obey the behest, when a commotion was heard at the entrance to the "well" of the court. A hurried colloquy was held between the eloquent Queen's Counsel who had defended the prisoner, and a stately old gentleman of undoubted professional mien, who had elbowed a passage through the throng. The advocate shot up from his seat like a rocket.

"If your lordship pleases," he began, "I feel it to be my bounden duty to ask you to detain the jury. A piece of evidence of overwhelming importance has just been brought to my knowledge."

A ghastly pallor overspread the quivering features of Reuben Radcliffe. His mouth twitched nervously. He writhed on his seat.

The judge replied, with becoming gravity and dignity, "I must presume that my learned brother is acting under a full sense of his responsibility in this momentous matter; and I do not hesitate to comply with his request. The jury will remain." A murmur of intense excitement ran through the throng. The advocate, in a voice in which triumphant confidence was unconcealed, called "Dr. Wilton." The stately old gentleman stepped into the witness-box. Reuben rose hastily, and was making for the door of the court.

The counsel perceived the movement, and said, "My lord, it is all-important that the witness Reuben Radcliffe, be detained until the evidence of Dr. Wilton is concluded."

"Certainly," quoth his lordship, and the baffled villain was compelled to resume his seat.

Dr. Wilton, having taken the oath, proceeded: "I have just left the bedside of my patient, Mr. Lawrence Lynton, upon whom my professional colleague, Dr. Maxwell, and I successfully performed the operation known as trepanning three days ago, with the result, I am happy to say, that he has quite recovered consciousness."

A look of despair came into the face of Reuben Radcliffe.

Dr. Wilton, continuing, added: "In the presence of myself and some half-dozen other witnesses he made the following statement as to the manner in which he sustained the injuries, from which, I am happy to inform you, there is now every hope that he will permanently recover."

In a calm, deliberate voice the doctor read the deposition of his patient, which more than established the innocence of the prisoner at the bar, for it convicted Reuben Radcliffe of perjury of the vilest description. The document was duly attested, when the applause which greeted the reading was, with difficulty, suppressed. The villagers executed a wild dance of a nondescript character, in the midst of which they were ejected, shouting, "Let's lynch Miser Radcliffe's son!"

His lordship, pointing towards the cowering Reuben, said in a severe, stern voice, "Arrest that man." To say the truth the wretch welcomed this protection from the fury of the mob. Never was such a scene of unrestrained enthusiasm witnessed in any court of justice as when Roy Ringland, flushed with emotion, walked from the prisoner's dock a free man, about whose innocence there was no longer the shadow of a shadow of a doubt.

Little remains to be told, save that, when next the bells proclaimed "the happy morn whereon the Saviour of Mankind was born," Roy and Laura were man and wife, and no father in all the country round was prouder of his dashing, daring son-in-law than Squire Lynton, of Lynton Manor. Stay, there is one other item which will interest the reader who has followed us thus far. Reuben Radcliffe was condemned to five years' penal servitude as a dastardly perjurer.

THE death is announced of Captain Tilbrook, of Grimsby, which occurred at Reval (Russia) on board the steamer *Erato*, of Hull, through apoplexy.

THE Maritime Conference were discussing, December 19, amendments to the rules of the road reported by the Collocation Committee. An amendment increasing the visibility of side lights from two to three miles was rejected by the Conference in favour of an amendment on the subject proposed by Dr. Sleveking. The Conference has adopted a recommendation to all the maritime Powers that side lights shall be so screened as to prevent the most convergent rays being seen across the bows for more than half a point. It has been resolved that vessels not under command shall show two red lights visible all round the horizon. The Conference has also adopted amendments to the effect that small steamboats, such as are carried by sailing vessels, may carry a white light, less than 9 feet above the gunwale; that steam vessels of less than 60 tons and other vessels of less than 20 tons, also fishing boats, shall not be obliged to carry the lights prescribed for vessels not under command or aground in a fairway at sea; and that pilot vessels shall flash or show side lights when approaching or being approached by other vessels.

SEAFARING DISASTERS.

A'sandra.—Telegram from Canea states: *Alexandra* ashore; must become total wreck; crew saved.

Aidar, British steamer, ashore Pera.

Albert Edward, s, which left Sunderland on the 18th for Gothenburg, has been towed into the Tyne with machinery out of order.

Ariel, s, which went ashore in ice at Otschakoff, has arrived at Odessa with plate on port bow damaged and forepeak full of water; jettisoned 500 tons wheat.

Alice and Goodhue, schooner, from Shoreham for Sunderland, with chalk ballast, ashore at North Somercotes. Vessel since arrived Grimby Roads.

Anaka, from Albany, W.A., at Hong Kong, with loss of sails.

Aganora, brig, Tyne for Weymouth, coals, has been towed into Great Yarmouth badly damaged, through collision in Wold with steamer *Whitley*, from Shields for Palermo. The latter anchored near Cork Light, damaged, and expected to enter Harwich Harbour.

Avoca.—Telegram from Sulina states: British steamer *Avoca* grounded at fifth mile post, Danube.

Barunga.—Telegram from Adelaide states: *Barunga* grounded on her way down the river from Port Pirie, but is expected to proceed to New Zealand.

Benisaf, s, from Benisaf, with ore, grounded on the North Bank of the Channel.

Bloodhound, s, from Llay to Carrickfergus, at Carlough, leaky; will have to discharge cargo.

Cerein.—Tel-gram from Gibraltar states: British steamer *Cerein* encountered a heavy gale December 15, in lat. 37 N., long. 5 E., and had cargo shifted.

Clan MacGregor, s, for Capetown, at Polyhead, with bottom of circulating pump chamber fractured.

Clonaird, barque, of Greenock, for Melbourne, returned to the Downs, having been in collision with a steamer off Beachy Head. Name of steamer unknown. *Clonaird* received extensive damage. Left for Tilbury for repairs.

Cleddy.—Details are to hand of a disastrous collision which occurred off St. Catherine's Point December 19, between the Cardiff steamer *Cleddy*, from Odessa for Antwerp, and the steamer *Isle of Cyprus*, from Newcastle for Seville. The latter ran into the *Cleddy*, striking her end on with a force so terrific as almost to cut the *Cleddy* in two. The captain shouted to them to stand by, as the *Cleddy* was found to be sinking; but they received no answer, and the other steamer proceeded on her way. Shouts of "All hands on deck!" were heard on board of her. There was no chance of getting to the *Cleddy's* life-boats, so the captain ordered the crew to lower two smaller ones, into which all the crew are supposed to have got, as they afterwards hailed one another and ascertained that one contained eleven and the other thirteen, thus making twenty-four all told, comprising the crew. As the boat containing the eleven was a trifle larger than the one containing thirteen, it was suggested by the captain that they should take two out of the other boat. Just then there was observed a singular sight on the sinking ship; a light was moving about the deck. The captain then gave orders for the boat containing the eleven to row alongside, and he shouted over and over again, "Anyone on board?" but he received no answer, and they saw no more of the light, nor did they see anything more of the other boat, for the safety of which the captain had the gravest doubts. He said they would naturally make for St. Catherine's light, not knowing the coast, and then must cross the terrible "race" off the Point, in which no boat could live in the heavy sea running. The captain says that the *Cleddy's* lights burned brightly until she sank in the trough of the sea. A later telegram from Ventnor says that the missing boat from the *Cleddy* has driven ashore, much damaged, with the words s.s. *Cleddy* on the bows, about two miles east of St. Catherine's, together with a lifeboat similarly marked. A second body, apparently that of a seaman, has been washed ashore near Ventnor. There is, therefore, no doubt that all the thirteen men were drowned, their boat being swamped in the "race" off the lighthouse. A Lloyd's telegram from St. Catherine's Point states that the bodies of five seamen were picked up at the same point at which the boat came ashore. A later telegram says: Three other bodies, in addition to the five already reported washed ashore, have been picked up in this neighbourhood, and two more are reported as having been found in the vicinity of Ventnor, making a total of ten, the whole of which are supposed to have formed part of the crew of the late steamer *Cleddy*, of Cardiff.

Dora, s, in ballast, and Turkish steamer have been in collision, says a Constantinople telegram; both vessels badly damaged.

Day Spring, fishing vessel, of Cockenzie, has put into Dunbar Harbour with the loss of her mainmast.

Dalswinton, British ship, from Calcutta for London, has put back to Galle to be stiffened. Will take in more ballast; must discharge part cargo.

Elizabeth and Jane, of Preston, at Runcorn, and the *Emulator*, tug, were in collision off New Ferry; former had bulwarks, stanchions, etc., carried away on starboard bow.

Earl of Durham.—Lloyd's agent at Amsterdam reports, December 20: *Earl of Durham*, coal laden, from Sunderland for Amsterdam, has gone ashore at Egmond, and remains.

Erato.—Cable from Baltimore states: Steamship *Erato*, from Baltimore for Sligo, is aground Patapasco River.

Fairway.—Report from Goole states that steamer *Fairway* and *Kirkstall*, both from Goole for London, collided near Blacktoft. *Fairway* reported run ashore to prevent sinking. *Kirkstall* proceeded.

Fergusons.—Telegram from Rouen, December 19, states: Explosion occurred on board the *Fergusons*, s; one man killed and several wounded.

Frontera has been lost and abandoned by the captain, says a telegram received at Hamburg from Tomasco.

Gazelle, s, of Llanelly, from Cardiff for Havre, with coal, put into Llanelly leaky.

Harsley, s. —Telegram from Hamburg states that British steamers *Warrington* and *Harsley* have been in collision; former badly damaged; injury to latter unknown. *Warrington* in port at Hamburg.

Isle of Cyprus, see *Cleddy*.

Islander, bound for Jersey, put back to Bristol, having lost mainmast.

John M. Clerk.—Charles G. Allison arrived at Hong Kong, having on board the crew of the *John M. Clerk*, United States barque, Sydney for Shanghai, lost at sea.

James Cameron, s, of Sunderland (light), arrived in the Tyne with large hole in port bow.

Janet, brig, of Peterhead, from Königsberg, which had gone ashore at Newtigin, has been towed into the Tyne.

Julia, barque, of Liverpool, from Philadelphia to Dunkirk, arrived at Gravesend with loss of anchors, having slipped from them in the Downs. She has been in collision with the Norwegian ship *Lancashire*, which vessel received considerable damage.

Jamaican.—Cable from New Orleans states: British steamer *Jamaican*, coming up river, collided with British steamers *Mortlake* and *Westbourne* moored at wharf; damage to *Mortlake* slight; *Westbourne* has more considerable damage to upper works.

Jersey City, steamer, of and for Bristol, with general cargo from New York, shipped a very heavy sea on the 15th inst. in lat. 51.30 N., long. 25 W., which unshipped foremost bridge, washed adrift No. 2 hatch, tarpaulins; water getting below.

Killingham, s, arrived at Cardiff from London, collided with the *Charlem*, steamer, below Gravesend Reach; damaged side, bulwarks, and bridge, also lost anchor and chain in Cardiff Roads.

Kirkstall, s, see *Fairway*.

Lunenburg, s, in ballast, for Hartlepool, stranded on Redcar Rocks, but got off, damage unknown.

Laura Fell, s, British, Emden for Hull, sunk in the North Sea, December 19, crew taken off by the German steamer *Sophie*, and have been landed at Bremerhaven.

Mortlake, s, see *Jamaican*.

Newnham, s, British, ashore Nieuwe Diep; making water.

Naranga, British steamer, from Charleston to Barcelona, at Gibraltar, lost a boat, part rail, and stanchions, and other deck movables, and experienced heavy weather.

Newent, s, of Sunderland, has returned to Gravesend with bows badly damaged, having been in collision with and sank the *St. Andrew*, s, of Hull; pilot, captain, and crew of the *St. Andrew* on board *Newent*.

Oswestry, steamer, from Cardiff for Cape Verde, in ballast, at Falmouth with machinery disabled.

Principia, s, for West Point, and a flat were in collision in Mersey; former had foreyard carried away, and the latter had mainmast damaged.

Sportsman, steamer, for Constantinople, was aground twice, Odessa side of Otschakoff; jettisoned portion of cargo.

St. Dunstan, British s, at Singapore, in ballast, has been in collision with a British man-of-war in entering harbour and has been beached.

Sundringham, s, of Lynn, at Boston, Linc., from Hamburg, with loss of foremast and considerably

damaged, having been in collision on the 19th inst. with barque *Joseph Haydn*, Bremen.

St. Andrew, see *Newent*.

St. Mary, s, of Castletown, Garston to Dublin, when off Rock Light propeller worked loose; was taken to Clarence gridiron to be repaired.

Victory, tug, when at anchor in River Mersey, was fouled by *Yosemite*, from Dunkirk, and had three planks in port bow stove in, stem started, etc.

Wick Bay, s, aground near Lynn, full of water; crew, except captain, two mates, and steward, arrived Lynn December 21.

Whitley, s, see *Aganora*.

Westbourne, s, see *Jamaican*.

Warrington, s, see *Harsley*.

THE GAS STRIKE.

A deputation from the committee of the Labour Association had an interview on Saturday with Mr. Livesey, chairman of the South Metropolitan Gas Company. Mr. E. O. Greening, hon. treasurer, who introduced the deputation, explained that the Labour Association, having at heart the promotion of profit-sharing as a means to industrial peace, is anxious that the trial of the principle shall be made under favourable conditions. If they could assist in removing the difficulty between the company and its employees they would be glad. Mr. Livesey declared that he had never threatened to break up the Union or had any such intention. He offered proof of his intentions by producing the draft of his original profit-sharing proposals to his Board. Asked to make this document public, he and his colleagues agreed to bring that request before the Board. The company were contending only for the principle of being permitted to establish such friendly and reasonable relations with their employees as would remove the danger of frequent strikes. The deputation believe it is possible to bring about a solution which will leave both sides their respective freedom.

Despite the discouraging weather a vast procession on Sunday, accompanied with bands and banners, marched all the way from South London to Hyde Park. The meeting was addressed from four platforms. No. 1 was that of the Gas Workers' Union, No. 2 that of the Coal Porters' Union, No. 3 the Sailors' and Firemen's Union, and No. 4 the Dockers' Union. Mark Hutchins, president of the Gas Stokers' Union, thought their splendid meeting gave the lie direct to those who were making the public believe they were vanquished. If they only used for a while longer the same persistent pluck and perseverance which distinguished them since the beginning of the strike they would win. Will Thorne thought it was false of the public to charge their Union with being tyrannical. They were no more tyrannical than some of the oldest Trade Unions, for no member of the Society of Compositors would work with any comp. who was not a member of his organisation. In fact, the gas stoker was not one whit more overbearing than the barrister, who was compelled by his profession to charge 6s. 2d. for opening his mouth and 14s. 4d. for shutting it. It was as well, however, to stare facts in the face, and he had no hesitation in saying that at present the success of their struggle in a great measure depended on stopping the coal supply. What would Mr. Morley say to the Government for allowing the police not only to protect and shield but to collect blacklegs? All Trade Unionists should rally to their assistance.—Mrs. Aveing having spoken, Mr. Pickard, a late South Metropolitan stoker, said he had it on good authority that the Ambulance Society had to attend during the week to 130 cripples at Old Kent-road. In the hospital at Rotherhithe extra nurses had to be employed to attend to the wounded blacklegs.—Mr. Smith, of the London Trade Council, felt that the defeat of the gas-stokers would be a defeat to Trade Unionism generally, and he was commissioned by his committee to say that not only would they give them support, but they would advise Trade Unionists all over the country to help the strikers.—Ben Tillett admitted that they laboured under some difficulties. Now the agricultural labourers were idle, and many were ready to become blacklegs. The brickfields were also closed, and at Christmas there was a great temptation for the unemployed to seek for the wh-rewithal for the Christmas pudding. But Trade Unionists generally were true to them and to themselves. He had not the smallest doubt of their final triumph.

SEVERAL cases of suicide by stokers on board North German Lloyd steamers have been inquired into recently by the Marine Court at Bremerhaven. The men, in most of the cases, were proved to have been physically incapable of performing the work in the stokeholes, and, maddened by the fierce heat, had rushed on deck and jumped overboard.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

* Correspondents must write on one side of the paper only anything meant for publication, and address, not to 36-40, Whitefriars-street, but to 150, Minories, London, E.

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Full particulars may be had of any of the Secretaries, whose names and addresses

ABERDEEN.—Jas. C. Thompson, 58, Ship-row, secretary; J. S. Watt, Esq., advocate, 35A, Union-street, legal agent. Meeting, in the Hall, Scott's-court, Regent Quay—contributions, 7 p.m.; business, 8 p.m., every Monday-evening.

ARBOATH.—J. Wood, 14, Wharf-street, Montrose. ARDROSSAN.—W. Galbraith, 50, Princes-street.

BARROW-IN-FURNESS.—E. Clayton, 21, Hindpool-road. Meeting, Monday evening, 7 p.m., at office.

BARRY DOCK.—J. Harrison, 4, Station-terrace Cogan.

BELFAST.—R. Price, 56, Corporation-street. BIRKENHEAD.—Alexander Shepherd, 12, Taylor-st.

BLUTH.—James Heatley, 9, Market-street. BO'NESS.—John Adamson, Jun. (agent pro tem.), South-street.

BRISTOL.—J. Fitzpatrick, 45, Prince-street, Queen's-square, secretary; Captain C. T. Taylor-Rae, president; Dr. Triston, 115, New Cut, medical officer; Mr. Cross, May-chambers, Clare-street, solicitor; Mr. I. Hobbs, Old Steadfast, Bedminster-parade, treasurer. Meetings, every Monday evening, 7.30; Old Steadfast, every alternate Saturday, 7.30 p.m., Steam Packet Hotel, Horwell-road.

BURNTISLAND.—Jas. Moody, 12, Somerville-street. CARDIFF.—John Gardner, Sailors' Union Institute, West Bute-street, secretary; Dr. De Vere Hunt, Westbourne-crescent, Canton, medical officer; Joseph Henry Jones, Esq., St. Mary-street, solicitor.

CORK.—Michael Austin, 6, Patrick-street. DUBLIN.—John Dench, 87, Marlboro'-street, Meeting, Friday evening, 7.30 p.m., at 87, Marlboro'-street.

DUNDEE.—H. McKendrick, Mariners' Hall, 48, Candle-lane.

FLEETWOOD.—J. Donovan, Sailors' and Firemen's Union, 11, Church-street, secretary; F. Addie, Esq., solicitor. Meeting, Friday evening, 7 p.m.

GLASGOW.—J. D. Boyd, 13, James Watt-street. GOOLE.—W. R. Chappell, 28, Boothferry-rd., sec., R. W. E. Whitehead, Esq., Bowlalley-lane, Hull, solicitor. Meetings, Tuesday and Friday evenings, 7.30 p.m., at 28, Boothferry-road.

GRAYS.—Wm. Wall, 18, Charles-street. GRAVESEND.—J. Wildgoose, 5, Queen-street.

GREAT GRIMSBY.—Wm. Young, 33A, Cleethorpe-road, secretary; R. W. E. Whitehead, Esq., Bowlalley-lane, Hull, solicitor. Meetings, Monday and Friday, at 7 p.m.

GREAT YARMOUTH.—J. McDade, 7, Friars-lane. GREENOCK.—E. Donnelly, 16, East India Breast.

GRANGEMOUTH.—Chas. C. Byrne, Masonic Hall, Grange-street, secretary; Wm. M. Anderson, Esq., Grange-street, solicitor. Meeting, Tuesday evening, 7.30 p.m., in Masonic Hall.

HULL.—Jas. Hill, Unity Hall, Prince-street, Daggers-lane, secretary; Mr. Leonard Hodgson, outside delegate; R. W. E. Whitehead, Esq., Bowlalley-lane, solicitor. Meeting, Friday evening 7.30.

KING'S LYNN.—Wm. Bennett, 14, South-street. Meeting, Friday evening, 8 p.m.

LEITH.—R. Smith, Trafalgar Hall, 54, Bernard-street. Meeting, Thursday evening, 7.30.

LIVERPOOL (South End).—Wm. Nicholson, Malakoff Hall, Cleveland-square. Meeting, Monday evening, 7.30, in Malakoff Hall.

LIVERPOOL.—(North End).—T. Connerty, 116, Derby-road, secretary; Dr. Leet, Derby-road, Bootle, medical officer; —Tetlow, Esq., solicitor.

LONDON (Tidal Basin).—G. Pirrett, opposite Shipping Office, Tidal Basin, E. Meeting, Friday evening, 8 o'clock.

LONDON (Tower Hill).—R. Pleasance, 23, King-street, Tower-hill. Meeting, Tuesday evening, 8 o'clock, at 263, Cable-street, Shadwell.

LONDON (Green's Home Branch).—T. H. Clark, 5, Jeremiah-street, East India-road, E.

LONDONDEBBY.—A. O'Hea, 27, William-street. MARYPORT.—J. Smith, The Coffee Tavern, Irish-st.

MONTROSE.—John Wood, 14, Wharf-street. Meeting, Monday evening, 7.30, at office.

MIDDLESBRO'.—George Cathey, Robinson's Market Hotel, Market-place.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.—John Mansell, 5, Broad Chare, Quay-side.

NEWPORT (Mon.).—F. Gilman, 31, Ruperra-street. PENARTH.—J. Harrison, 4, Station-terrace, Cogan.

PLYMOUTH.—E. R. Thackwell, National Sailors' and Firemen's Union Office, Woolster-street, near Shipping Office.

PORT GLASGOW.—E. Donnelly, 16, East India Breast, Greenock.

SEAHAM HARBOUR.—Richard Raine, Duke of Wellington Hotel, Railway-street, South.

SHIELDS (South).—D. Clement, Seamen's National Union Hall, Coronation-street, secretary; G. Cowie, assistant secretary; Dr. Robson, medical officer, 1, Regent-street; solicitor, R. Jacks, Esq., King-street. Meeting nights, Monday and Friday, at 7 p.m.

SHIELDS (North).—George Stewart, 8, New Quay, secretary; Dr. Robson, medical officer; R. Jacks, Esq., solicitor. Meeting, Monday, 6.30 p.m.

SOUTHAMPTON.—J. Nash, High-street Chambers, 80, High-street.

SUNDERLAND.—W. Lonsdale, Prospect-row, near Shipping Office. Meeting, Monday evening, 7 o'clock, at 174, High-street East. Solicitor, T. Watson Brown, Esq., B.A., LL.D., 57, Villiers-street.

SWANSEA.—R. Thomas, Colosseum Hotel, Wind-st. WEST HARTLEPOOL.—J. Leahy, Russell's Buildings. Meeting, Friday evening, at 7 p.m., at office.

WHITEHAVEN. } John Smith, Maryport. WORKINGTON. } WALLSEND.—Septimus Johnson, 17, Third-street, Palmer's Buildings.

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Carpenter 6 0 0

Ordinary Seamen 3 0 0

Officers can engage Men at the Union Office, Corporation-street, South Shields, at the above Rates. Entrance Fee, 10s. on January 1st, 1890.

DAVID CLEMENT, Secretary.

MEETING NIGHTS:—Mondays, at 7 p.m.

SOCIABLE on Fridays, at 7 p.m.

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PURE WOOL BEDS,
4/6, 5/6, 6/6, 7/6 each.
BUSH RUGS & COLOURED BLANKETS
sent free to any part of the Kingdom on receipt of
P.O. Order. Prices, 3/9, 4/9, 5/9, 6/9.

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BOLSTER AND TWO PILLOWS,
In Linen Tick, 56lb., warranted good and free from
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HULL BRANCH,
SAILORS' & FIREMEN'S UNION.

A GRAND CONCERT AND BALL
WILL BE HELD IN THE
UNITY HALL, PRINCE STREET,
On **BOXING NIGHT, 26th Dec., 1889**

Doors open at 7.30 To commence at 8.
TICKETS 1s., TO ADMIT ONE. TO ADMIT TWO, 1s. 6d.
RIGHT OF ADMISSION RESERVED.

NOTICE.

Union Men are requested to
BOARD only at Boarding Houses
which are **ADVERTISED in "SEA-
FARING."**

Members having complaints against
Boarding Masters must send them in
to the nearest Branch Secretary.

By order of the Executive, Sailors' and Firemen's
Union,

J. H. WILSON, General Secretary.

The names and addresses of the keepers
of Seamen's Boarding-houses will be inserted
in SEAFARING at the rate of 2s. each per
week, payable in advance. For 13 weeks
the price is 15s.; for 26 weeks, 25s.,
payable in advance. These advertise-
ments are intended as a Directory to
seafaring men, so that on arriving at any
port they have only to refer to SEAFARING to
find where they can be comfortably boarded
and fairly treated. No Seamen's Boarding-
house will be advertised in SEAFARING on any
terms unless recommended by the Branch
Secretary of the Sailors' and Firemen's
Union in whose district the house is
situated.

SAFE ANCHORAGE.

WHERE TO BOARD.

UNION BOARDING-HOUSES.

BARRY DOCK.—G. Gawler, 100, Queen-street,
Barry.

CARDIFF.—Seamen's Institute, West Butestreet.

GLASGOW.—John McInnes, 12, Anderston Quay.

" James Bracken, 182, Broomielaw.

HULL.—J. Ward, 17, Osborne-street.

NEWPORT, MON.—James McLaren, 2, North
Marion-street.

NORTH SHIELDS.—Mrs. M. Jones, 31, Duke
street.

SOUTH SHIELDS.—Sailors' and Firemen's Union
Boarding-house, 81, East Holborn.

SUNDERLAND.—Wilson's Temperance Hotel,
174, High-street East.

Wilson Testimonial Fund.

THE following amounts have been received, up
to date, towards the Wilson Testimonial Fund.
Collectors are requested to forward all amounts in
hand to Mr. J. R. England, 80, Dundas-street,
Monkwearmouth, Sunderland:—

	£	s.	d.
Sunderland	6	10	2
Glasgow	5	12	0
Green's Home	4	18	2
Seaham	3	15	9
South Shields	3	7	3
Bootle	2	1	6
Middlesbrough	2	0	0
North Shields	1	16	1
Belfast	1	8	10
Grimsby	1	6	3
Newcastle	1	1	3
Barrow	1	0	0
Liverpool	1	0	0
Dublin	0	12	3
Southampton	0	8	9
Goole	0	7	3
Hartlepool	0	6	0
Foreman	0	3	0
	£37	14	6

Seafaring.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1889.

NOTICE.

Correspondence and Branch Reports
which do not reach us until Thursday
cannot be guaranteed insertion the
same week.

Christmas is again upon us. The
youngsters—or such of them as are well
cared for—are delighted. The owners of
the various businesses which grow brisker
just before and after the festive season—in-
cluding the doctors and undertakers—are
quite cheerful. Most people are wasting
their substance in riotous living, eating
and drinking—especially drinking—a great
deal more than is good for them. That is
to say people ashore. As for men follow-
ing the sea, their fare and occupation is in
strong contrast to the festivities ashore.
Whether hanging by his eyelids aloft,
while his benumbed hands try to battle with
stiff, frozen canvas, or courting sleep in a
wet bunk as his teeth chatter the while and
incipient rheumatism creeps over him, or
seated round a kid of so-called beef that
was condemned stores a quarter of a cen-
tury ago, the sailor's Christmas at sea is as
a rule but a sorry affair. As the comfort-
able classes ashore sit at tables spread
with luxuries, fetched from all ends of
the earth by the seaman at the risk, and
too often the cost, of his life, few of them
spare a thought for him. It might
therefore have been well to get up amongst
the numerous Christmas entertainments
a few illustrations of what the seaman's
Christmas at sea is usually like. Such a
spectacle might have the effect of enlisting
sympathy in the seaman's favour, and, as he
is at present without a vote in Parliamentary
elections, he needs all the sympathy he can
get. But it is not to the comfortable classes
that he need look for sympathy. Wallowing
in material prosperity they care for little
beyond their own swinish appetites. The
orgies with which they celebrate Christmas
constitute a scathing satire on their morals
and their tastes. How gross indulgence in
gluttony and drunkenness, at the expense of
the poor, can be construed into an appro-
priate celebration of the birth of Jesus
Christ it is hard to tell. But it is not hard
to tell the advantages which this kind of
celebration possesses for such classes. It
not only forms an excuse for indulging
their own appetites, but—and this is
more important—it tends to brutalise
the toilers by example and to keep
them from thinking. Charity, one of
the favourite weapons of the classes
for demoralising the masses, is much heard
of at this season, and there is a great deal
of giving away of goods and money to the
poor. But those who have been behind
the scenes know how rarely many of the
well-to-do grumble in their own circles at
what they regard as a tax. To suppose
that their alms-giving argues any kindness
to the poor is the wildest delusion. The
alms-giving is a fashion, and these classes,
though they regard the seduction of each
other's wives, and the wholesale slaughter
of seamen as comparatively minor offences,
would not be out of the fashion, lest they
should be suspected of poverty, which

would bring upon them the boycott of their noble friends. These classes might possibly contrive to throw off this fashion if the more intelligent of them did not perceive that the giving of alms enables the hungry to get something to eat, and so makes the hungry less discontented, and therefore less dangerous. In short, it is not so much Love as Fear that dictates the alms-giving, and the masses should not forget this. Neither should they forget that without discontent there can be no real agitation, and without real agitation there can be no reform. The divine duty of discontent is not a doctrine that requires much expounding among the seafaring class, the vast majority of which are already discontented enough to be ripe for Revolution. But seamen might profitably communicate to other working-men some discontent, and the Christmas season enables them to do much in this way by pointing out the sharp contrast between the toilers and the idlers. The circumstance that many of the idlers are believed to be largely engaged in making London as like Sodom and Gomorrah as possible, might be used to add fuel to the flame of righteous indignation. Meanwhile, most of us have grown so accustomed to small mercies that there may be considerable pleasure over the announcement made in our report from Grangemouth, that Mr. Gladstone will attend to the subject of seamen and the franchise as set forth in SEAFARING. When a politician makes this kind of promise it usually means that he will ascertain whether he or his party are likely to get anything by supporting that particular measure. If they see their way to get anything out of it, their devotion is quite touching to behold. If they don't see their way to get something by it they leave it alone. Parliament, in short, will continue to turn a deaf ear to the claims of the seamen till they get the majority of working-men who have votes to support those claims. To enlist the aid of this or that M.P. is not so important as to enlist the aid of societies of working-men. Wives, daughters, mothers, sisters, and sweethearts of seafaring men could do a great deal of valuable persuasion in this direction, and would do it if they understood that, as a certain M.P. told the present writer, "No M.P. cares a damn for a sailor without a vote." The Seamen's and Firemen's Union could also do much in the same direction. It might, for instance, refuse to aid any other Union whose members do not agree to back up the seamen's demand for a vote at Parliamentary elections. Without that vote, the seamen's condition must continue to be in many important respects infinitely worse than that of the negro slaves, whose fetters were broken by the power of public indignation. By devoting the Christmas holidays to stirring up as much indignation as possible in the cause, we shall all celebrate the birth of Christ more appropriately than by feasting while the wrongs of the seamen are crying aloud to Heaven for redress. For by acting thus we shall help to—

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kinder hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

It is reported that Messrs. Thomas Wilson, Sons, and Co., Hull, have given their shore gang, composed of seamen, an increase of wages to 5s. per day, and 6d. per hour overtime and 9d. per hour overtime on Sundays, the men unanimously agreeing to these terms, and also to striking work at once.

NAUTICAL NEWS.

Mr. HOLT, shipowner, Liverpool, will, it is stated, contest Greenock at the next Parliamentary election.

PRINCE GEORGE OF WALES has, as a naval officer, cordially accepted the office of vice-patron of the Missions to Seamen.

News received at Lloyd's by cable from San Francisco, reports that Lloyd's agents in that city have been asphyxiated whilst surveying the *Durham*.

The German industrial leaders are agitating for the formation of an imperial Navigation Office, for the furthering and superintendence of all matters connected with German shipping.

A DRUNKEN captain ran his vessel ashore on the New Jersey Coast. He drew a revolver to shoot the man at the wheel just as the vessel struck. Nine men including the captain perished, and the vessel went to pieces and disappeared.

THE master, Captain Giles, of the British ship *Larnaca* at San Francisco, 123 days from London, reports that on October 13, during a heavy gale, a sailor named Henry Rensford fell from the main rigging and received injuries from which he died half an hour later.

At a recent sitting of the Maritime Conference, a note was adopted to be despatched to the Powers, providing that the side lights carried by vessels should be so screened as to prevent the most convergent rays of light being seen across the bows for more than half a point.

At Liverpool, Peter Lynch, who had been six months in prison waiting his trial, has been sentenced to three months' more imprisonment for the manslaughter of the mate of *Charles Moran* while off the Island of Cuba. It was stated that the mate's conduct was tyrannical; that Lynch stabbed him in self-defence, and the jury found that Lynch had received great provocation.

ANOTHER great enterprise which will tend to develop the import trade of Cardiff is on foot. For some time past it has been thought that the port has been favourably situated for the importation of fruit in large quantities, and we are now informed that steps have been taken which will shortly test the practicability of that suggestion. It is now proposed to import in quantities sufficient to supply the whole of the trade in South Wales and the adjoining English counties.

THE monthly trade return of the port of Sunderland issued by the River Wear Commissioners for November, shows that 535 vessels, of a tonnage of 193,901, and paying dues to the amount £2,044 1s. 7d., cleared from the port during the month, as against 528 vessels, of 201,530 tons, and paying £1,930 7s. 11d., in November, 1888. This is an increase of seven vessels, and a decrease of 2,629 tons, but an increase in receipts of £113 13s. 8d.

WITH a view to an improvement in its sanitary condition, the Naval College in Portsmouth Dockyard has been inspected by Colonel Sedden, R.E., and other officers. Meanwhile, evidence of the peril to which occupants of the building are exposed continues. Since the death of Sub-Lieutenant Tilly, only a few weeks ago, two other officers have been down with fever, and one is stated to be now lying in a critical condition. The *Sultan* ironclad and her escorts are expected at Portsmouth.

At the court-martial on Commander Furlonger and Lieutenant Sharp, on Saturday, in connection with the stranding of H.M.S. *Watchful*, the prisoners read their defence, pleading that the stranding of the ship was due to deviation of the compasses and the strong eddy outside Lowestoft Harbour, which caused the ship to fail to answer her helm when starboarded on breakers being reported. The Court considered the charges of negligence proved, but remembering the difficulty with the compasses and the fact that Lieutenant Sharp had been but three and a half days on the *Watchful*, that officer was only reprimanded. Commander Furlonger was reprimanded for taking the *Watchful* into the harbour on a dark night without sufficient cause.

A PRAISEWORTHY departure has been taken by the Hamburg Chamber of Commerce, which has just communicated to the local Press a long condemnation of the famous projected German floating exhibition. Thousands of circulars have lately been issued inviting a total subscription of 5,000,000 marks to launch a scheme which includes the impossible problem of getting a vessel of 2½ feet draught into ports unapproachable by ships of much less depth. A precedent has now been given at Hamburg, which it is hoped will in the future have the effect of diverting a vast amount of useful capital from risky enterprises into channels of material value to different national communities.—*Times*.

CORRESPONDENCE.

GRIEVANCES.

To the Editor.

Sir,—The more I read the humorous Board of Trade enquiries that are constantly taking place in the United Kingdom the more do I become convinced that they are somewhat of a farce, the representation upon that board being of a purely one-sided character. For instance, if an inquiry is instituted as to the loss of a ship and all hands, and should suspicion point strongly to overloading as being the cause, her owner has members of his own class sitting upon that board to adjudicate upon his own case. These judges, perhaps, may be guilty of the same malpractices themselves though unknown to the public, as all cases of total loss do not get inquired into, and in many cases where an inquiry is made it is only by a side wind that we sometimes arrive at the truth. Then, again, if captains or officers are brought up for careless navigation, entailing damage to their ship, or for drunkenness or any act of misbehaviour towards their crew, they are fully represented by their own class, who having, many of them, trod the same plank will no doubt lean favourably towards those brought before them, at least, I suppose so by the verdict they give in many cases. So much, Mr. Editor, for that side of the question. But there is yet another side which has to be considered—the side of those who are generally the greatest losers, especially in the case of loss of ship and all hands. I allude to the side of the seamen, those who learn behind them widows and fatherless children to battle with the world and the cold hand of Charity; for how many of our owners, who undoubtedly receive a benefit by such loss, ever contribute one farthing to their relief? Seamen's widows and orphans are generally left to find their way into our workhouses and there become a burden to the taxpayer, which in many cases he has no right to bear. Then, again, there are the cases of negligent navigation, such as collisions, stranding, and other mishaps, involving loss of life and limb, which generally falls to the seamen's share to a great extent, yet not one member of their class sits in conjunction with the members of the other classes to adjudicate upon any case that may be brought up for inquiry, no matter how deep their interest may be involved in the case. Now, I ask the question, can any conscientious person say that at present constituted this Marine Court of Inquiry is anything else but a farce? I know some may say you can employ a solicitor to represent you. Quite true, but where is the money to come from? Did they know what a struggle it is for a seafaring man to provide for a wife and family out of his earnings, especially where he has two tables to keep, his own on board and his wife's at home, they would not utter such an expression; they would be fully aware there could be no funds for such a purpose. I know that owners and captains indulge in that luxury, if it may be termed so of employing a solicitor, therefore, they are doubly represented, which makes the farce more complete. Being what is termed in sea parlance, an old shell back myself, having some considerable time back passed the half century of life, and having been brought up to the sea from a boy, you must conclude that I know something of an ocean life, and being accustomed to keep a sharp look-out, I was doing so a few days ago when my optics came across a paragraph in the newspaper which stated that a fine of £100 had been imposed for overloading the s.s. *Ariel* of Hull, the property of Mr. Edward Leatham. It did not state in the paper I read that there had been previous cases of overloading, but I fancy there must have been something glaring in the case, or they would not have imposed such a penalty. It is somewhat fresh within my memory that the same firm lost a steamer called the *Tris* some five or six years ago at the entrance to the bay or thereabouts in which all hands perished but one, I believe. She ran ashore but I have no recollection of the Board of Trade Inquiry into the cause of her sinking so. When there was such a great loss of life, why was there not an inquiry in the case for the benefit of all concerned? In case of an accident upon the railway where life is lost an inquiry is ordered, and substantial damages obtained if the company is in default, at once in the case of a child being run over in the street and killed, an inquiry is held as to who is to blame, and yet in a case of this magnitude where many lives are lost, no inquiry is held. What a farce! In the case of the s.s. *Ariel*, of Hull, I see the owner sits to adjudicate upon these boards of inquiry. Now I hold, Sir, that where any owner has had his ships stopped for being overloaded, and especially where a fine has been inflicted for that

any other breach of the law that necessitates a Board of Trade Inquiry, he should no longer hold the position as a member of the Marine Board, and that we petition the Board of Trade for the removal of Mr. Leatham from his seat on the Marine Board. I think, Sir, that after owners placing the load-line themselves, they should be careful to see that the ship is not submerged below that line. I don't think that any captain would voluntarily do it on his own responsibility where he is not strictly enjoined on pain of dismissal to do so; he has some regard for his own life and love for his wife and family. The owner knows what the ship will carry down to the line with different weights of bunker coal, consequently, he knows when his ship has been submerged below, both by his bills of lading and the amount of freight he receives, but all is fish that comes to the net, and all is well that ends well. Now, to secure life at sea, overloading is one of the things that must be put a stop to, therefore, it is of paramount importance that we should urge for the removal of this gentleman as our protest against overloading, and in vindication of our right to be represented on that Board, so that the side of the seamen shall be fully and fairly represented on every inquiry by one of their own class, and thus put an end to this farcical system. Although not a member of the Seamen's Union, being obliged through ill-health to abandon a seafaring life, I am entirely with them, and willing to render them any assistance in my power, the Union being such a thing as was wanted forty years ago. In anticipation of your inserting this, I tender you my thanks, remaining,

OLD SHELL BACK.

CONTRIBUTIONS.

To the Editor.

DEAR SIR,—It is very gratifying to see that our Union in all parts of the United Kingdom and Ireland is making such rapid progress, and that we have men in our ranks who are competent to advance, in your columns, such practical ideas for our future well-being. But one suggestion I take exception to which was introduced by some one in the Sunderland branch. The report does not say who he was. I refer to the suggestion that members paying contributions in other branches than their own, should have to pay a levy of sixpence. Well, sir, I feel certain that the man who suggested that this levy should be paid, if a member at all, is a member with a very limited knowledge of the working of the Union in general, and if he thinks that levies can be put on to members of other ports because he thinks it should be done, only goes to prove that he knows nothing at all about the working of ports other than his own. It may suit the interests of the Sunderland branch, but before he begins to introduce such absurd suggestions he should take into consideration that all other ports are not like Sunderland where men go away to sea on a voyage and can depend on coming back home again within the period of compliance with the rules, which is a very different thing in the case of a port like Liverpool or London, where men go away without the slightest knowledge as to where they are coming back to. Under such circumstances, is it the fault of the men themselves that they are bound to pay their contributions in other ports than their own? I contend that we ought to feel proud that such men have the opportunity of going into a strange branch and being able to pay their money there, away from home. I understand this to be the principle of national amalgamation, and if we act on that principle it will not allow of taxing the contributions of any member through no fault of his own. But if such be permissible, then I contend that something in connection with the principle of amalgamation has been introduced which I never dreamed of. Being a resident of Sunderland at the time when the National Union began its operations, and an active member in its ranks when its members were few, and comparatively speaking, insignificant, and having sacrificed both time and money in trying to develop its principles, I can safely say I was instrumental in a large degree, in securing the first advance of wages obtained in Sunderland by the National Union, after which I was transferred to fields and pastures new, where the men knew nothing about what was being done in Sunderland, and where I found it a more difficult task to convince the men that the principles of our Union were sound. Since that time I have had an opportunity of judging how easy it is to suggest a thing in one place where the work is done, but how difficult it is to carry it into effect in such a place as Liverpool, and my advice to the Sunderland member would be before suggesting anything so absurd, to ask himself the question what would be the effect if such a levy was imposed? Our object should be to offer all the facilities we can to the struggling masses of our fellow Unionists, and not attempt to tax or

take a mean advantage of their unfortunate positions. Such an imposition would only tend to damage our cause in the eyes of all *bona fide* Trades Unionists. We have now got a status in the eyes of the public, and we have our reputation to maintain, which we should esteem of more value for our future prosperity than being led to act on such rash, detrimental, unpractical, resolutions.—I am, etc.,

W. NICHOLSON,
District Secretary, Liverpool.

COOKS.

To the Editor.

SIR,—Having been on a voyage for the last two months, and the back numbers of SEAFARING just to hand, I hope you will allow me to make a few remarks on what has occurred during my absence. First I read in the number for 16th November, that at the general meeting of the Newcastle branch, Mr. Garvie made a complaint of having been debarred by the secretary and O. D. of Middlesbro', from signing in a vessel as cook, he having been cook two months previously but was rated on the Union books as A.B. Bravo! Middlesbro'. Now I, as a cook of ten years' experience, differ entirely with the remarks made by the Newcastle secretary. He said that if a sailor had an opportunity of bettering himself he was perfectly justified in doing so (Quite right so far, but what next?) No matter in what capacity he was enrolled in the Union. If a man wishes to join the Union, he has to show a certain number of discharges of whatever capacity he wishes to enter as, if he can show sufficient as A.B., let him be an A.B. If as a cook as well, let him show a sufficiency of cook's discharges. Every man to his trade is Unionism, I think. God made food and the d—l made cooks, but I doubt if Mr. Mansell would like to be termed, one of his Satanic Majesty's agents for the supply of cooks. Then another member complains of having been debarred from signing on at South Shields because he could not show his card, Bravissimo! What are the cards for? In answer to this complaint the secretary said he would see the South Shields secretary about the matter; I hope he has seen him and got a satisfactory answer. Now for the last good growl all round. The Union supply pass cards to every member alike, irrespective of rating. Now I propose to all interested in the welfare of the Union, that this be altered. Why should not the cards be of different colours for different capacities, say white for cooks and stewards, red for A.B.'s black for firemen, and black and white for trimmers, or any colour to distinguish one from another? A man may join the Union as a trimmer who may never have been to sea before, and get a pass card the same as a sailor, fireman, cook, or steward, and sign on a ship as anything he chooses to call himself. Who is to detect or stop him? Nobody. But when he gets to sea and turns out a fraud, then the Union gets into disgrace. Now, brother cooks and stewards, keep your weather eyes open, and don't be afraid of ventilating your grievances. Look sharp after the Union, and the Union will look sharp after you. Let them see we have a voice in it as well as the sailors and firemen, and let us try and sift out some of the frauds, who are neither one nor the other, but call themselves cooks. Now, sir, hoping you will excuse me for trespassing on your space, and, believe me, I have no ill-feeling in penning these complaints, and that it is only a little honest comment.—I remain, yours in unity,

ROBERT ANGELO,
A member of the South Shields Branch.
Bilbao, 10th Dec.

PIER-HEAD JUMPING.

To the Editor.

DEAR SIR,—The practice of "pier-head jumping" having become so prevalent of late at Barry Dock, owing, firstly, to the engagement of persons who have really no intention of proceeding to sea at all, but who nevertheless patronise the shipping offices with their presence, thereby frustrating deserving men from procuring employment; and, secondly, to a certain section of individuals who, although members of the National Union, think they are perfectly justified in putting captains and owners to any inconvenience they think fit. The former class I have referred to, by some curious coincidence, seem to have the preference, in many instances, to men who are more worthy to be provided with employment, and the latter class are a thorough disgrace to the organisation they profess to take an interest in. All organisations are, I am sorry to state, troubled more or less with this despicable class, but they should be severely dealt with by such organisations when they are detected

in any act detrimental to the interests of their fellow men. The s.s. *Crathorne*, of West Hartlepool, engaged a crew at Barry Dock on the 14th inst. This crew was composed of Union men with the exception of one fireman, a foreigner, who subsequently joined at Cardiff. I had occasion to go to the pier-head for the purpose of ascertaining whether this man had joined previous to the vessel sailing on the 17th inst. Immediately upon my arrival at the vessel, I was accosted by a Board of Trade official with remarks reflecting on the Union, on account of a fireman named Thomas Mahoney, of 32, Bute-road, Cardiff, not fulfilling his duty towards his employers and the organisation of which he is a member by joining his vessel at the appointed time. The pier-head was frequented, according to custom on such occasions, by all denominations of landmen, some of whom were eagerly waiting to be converted into sailors and firemen at a moment's notice to act as substitutes for competent men. One of these in particular (similar in appearance to a baker) was about to be engaged in Mahoney's place as fireman, when I advised one of the men about to sail to refrain from doing so with an incompetent man who could show no sea service, and also if a competent man was forthcoming, to see that he became a member of the Union before sailing. Upon my doing this, my old and trusted friend and acquaintance, the Board of Trade officer, intervened, accusing me of intimidation. After a little discussion on this point he was reinforced by the presence and authority of the dock master, another brass-bound official. I may state that it would be convenient for all parties concerned in such disputes as this to be brass bound, to give the scene a more imposing appearance, for in many instances buttons make the man, and brass shows his authority, therefore this suggestion may safely be left in the hands of our executive committee. Eventually a man was found who had previously been to sea, and he was accordingly enrolled as a member of the Union, thereby completing a Union crew. I may state that the chief engineer of this vessel has always acted a manly part towards the National Union, and it is a shame for our supporters to be put to such inconveniences by the non-appearance of men who are engaged on account of being members of the Union, thereby disgracing not only themselves but their organisation and its officials. I sincerely hope that the members of the Cardiff Branch will demand an explanation from Mahoney as to his conduct, and summarily treat him as a defaulter, as done by other Branches of the Union. Before drawing to a conclusion, I would like to ask the British public, and particularly the Board of Trade officials, whether asking real good and competent men to refrain from sailing with men who had never been to sea or had even a remote idea of what the sea service consisted of, thereby being incompetent, this incompetency necessitating a considerable amount of extra duty to devolve upon the shoulders of the rest of the crew for the same remuneration as if the vessel was fully manned, can be classed in the category of intimidation. Hoping I may not be intruding by monopolising too much of your valuable space.—I remain, yours in unity,

J. HARRISON.

Cogan, December 17, 1889.

COMPLIMENTS.

To the Editor.

SIR,—I have just returned from a five months' cruise, and I have had all my SEAFARINGS sent and delivered safely from the day I left till the day I reached home, and on looking them over I must say they have given to me a thundering amount of information. By your leading articles, and your indefatigable exertions, you and our great and much honoured general secretary, J. Havelock Wilson, have compelled the people of Great Britain to learn the worth of their bread winner—the British seaman, a feat never before accomplished. I am also proud to see that my comrades fill your pages with correspondence, and that by their able and truthful writings, we are honourably and severely touching the brain, heart, and pocket of our "much respected shipowners," thereby also letting not only them, but our learned Legislature (that great institution, the House of Commons) and our fellow countrymen know that which we so sorely stand in need of, viz.: A recognition of our just rights. They are many, regarding which I'll write again, at the same time impressing upon them that the British seaman is not the logger head dunce they have hitherto taken him; he it known to them that amidst our ranks sail learned scholars, and the bravest men. I sent you a couple of poems, I hope they may prove acceptable, and find a place in a little corner if there is one to spare in our SEAFARING.—I have the honour to be, Sir,

A MEMBER OF GREEN'S HOME BRANCH.

GOT CERTIFICATES.

As Masters or Mates, during week ended 21st December, 1889.

Note.—Ex. C., denotes Extra Master; O. C., Ordinary Master; 1 M., First Mate; O. M., Only Mate; and 2 M., Second Mate.

FOREIGN TRADE.

Name.	Grade.	Examining Board.
Jones, Chas. Wm.	2 M	London
Jolly, A. E.	2 M	London
Curwen, C. C.	2 M	London
Richards, Jas. C.	2 M	London
Paske, Robt. M.	2 M	London
Burrell, Wm. A.	2 M	London
Taylor, Sydney	2 M	London
Boyce, Jas. J.	O C	London
Thomas, Thos. D.	O C	London
Marsh, Peter R.	1 M	London
Palmer, Walter B.	1 M	London
Stark, Percy W.	1 M	London
Tonkin, Geo.	O C	London
Ogier, Theodore O.	1 M	London
Watts, Chas. F.	1 M	London
Opples, L. E.	1 M	London
Hazeland, J. H. D.	O C	London
Baynes, D. C.	Master of his own yacht	Liverpool
Williams, Geo. R.	O C	Liverpool
Treweek, L. Chas.	Ex. O	Liverpool
Harvey, W. H. S.	O C	Liverpool
Sutton, Geo. L.	1 M	Liverpool
Williams, David	1 M	Liverpool
Killip, Frank	1 M	Liverpool
Owens, Owen G.	2 M	Liverpool
Morris, Evan	2 M	Liverpool
Thomas, Owen	2 M	Liverpool
Lawton, Wm. Hy.	2 M	Liverpool
Lewis, Wm. E.	2 M	Liverpool
Roberts, Geo. H.	2 M	Liverpool
Ashwin, Keyt	2 M	Liverpool
Timperley, R. E.	2 M	Liverpool
Giles, Jno. Hy.	2 M	Liverpool
Snoddon, John	2 M	Liverpool
Bannerman, Wilson C.	1 M	Liverpool
Kirsman, Geo. H.	1 M	Liverpool
Smith, Sidney	1 M	Liverpool
Anning, Sidney A.	1 M	Liverpool
McLeod, Geo.	1 M	Liverpool
Richards, Wm. Jno.	1 M S S	Liverpool
Bowce, J. C.	2 M S	Bristol
Williams, David	2 M	Bristol
McCarthy, E.	2 M	Bristol
Baily, H. F.	2 M	Bristol
Miles, P. J.	1 M	Bristol
Williams, William	O C	Bristol
Thomas, W. G.	1 M S S	Bristol
Lindbergh, Chas. Z.	1 M	Bristol
Brann, Paul A.	Compass Deviation	Bristol
Hutchinson, Hy.	2 M	Dublin
Thomas, Hy. Jas.	2 M	Dublin
Willoughby, Jno.	O M	Dublin
Rogers, W. B. O.	2 M	Hull
Brown, Thos.	2 M	Hull
Frost, Jno. Thos.	2 M S S	Hull
Earnshaw, R.	M F A	Hull
Byre, Hy.	M F A	Hull
Smyth, Fredk. W.	1 M	Hull
Owens, Owen	2 M S S	Newport
Thoburn, Fredk. Wm.	1 M	Newport
Gavin, A. A.	O C	Newport
Farrell, Wm. Hy.	1 M	Newport
Finch, Tom C.	1 M	Newport
McLean, Murdo	2 M	Dundee
Parrott, Jas. W.	2 M	Dundee
Ruthen, Wm.	2 M	South Shields
Rowley, Robt.	1 M	South Shields
Forrest, Geo	O C	South Shields
Oleghorn, Jno. W.	1 M	South Shields
Dunwall, Jas. M.	O C	South Shields
Henderson, Hy.	1 M	South Shields
Attwooll, A. W.	Master S S	South Shields
Walford, Jas.	Master	London
Horne, Jno.	Master	London
Rankin, D. E.	Master	Liverpool
Dawson, A.	Master	Belfast
Cameron, J. C.	Mate	Greenock

HOME TRADE.

Name.	Grade.	Examining Board.
Walford, Jas.	Master	London
Horne, Jno.	Master	London
Rankin, D. E.	Master	Liverpool
Dawson, A.	Master	Belfast
Cameron, J. C.	Mate	Greenock

ENGINEERS.

Note.—Ex. 1. denotes Extra First Class; 1, First Class; 2, Second Class.

Name.	Class.	Port of Examination.
Williams, Jno. W.	2	Liverpool
Malmberg, Charles	2	Liverpool
Swinburn, Jas. B.	2	Liverpool

Name.	Class.	Port of Examination.
Murphy, Jas. Thomas	2	Liverpool
Robinson, Thomas C.	1	Liverpool
Williams, Wm. H.	1	Liverpool
Deacon, Thomas	2	Glasgow
Rose, John A.	2	Glasgow
Hutton, Jno.	2	Glasgow
Gillfillan, Jno. L.	2	Glasgow
Brown, James	2	Glasgow
McDowall, William	2	Glasgow
Klottrup, Niels P. O.	2	Glasgow
McTanner, Charles	2	Glasgow
McNair, Andrew	1	Glasgow
Hunter, James	1	Glasgow
Stewart, Johnstone	1	Glasgow
Humphreys, Jno.	2	Cardiff
Jones, Wm. Chas.	2	Cardiff
Holman, Albert	2	Cardiff
Davies, Griffith J.	1	Cardiff
Price, John	1	Cardiff
Bagnall, Joshua J. B.	2	N. Shields
Dean, Alexander	2	N. Shields
Laidler, Joseph	1	N. Shields
Westington, Jno.	1	N. Shields
Coward, Fredk.	2	N. Shields
Brown, Edward	2	N. Shields
Irvin, Jno. E.	1	N. Shields
Sparks, Wm. Hy.	1	N. Shields
Wood, Robt. Jno.	1	N. Shields
Weir, Robt. G.	1	N. Shields
Shopland, Geo. Thos	1	Bristol

SHIPS SPOKEN.

Airlie, for Calcutta, 29th October, 1 N, 29 W; reported by telegraph from Liverpool.

Amphitrite, of Greenock, 13th December, off the Fastnet Rock; by the Edwin (s), Stacey, at Cork.

Amerika (s), outward-bound, 13th December, 49 N, 22 W; by the Werra (s), at Southampton.

A Castle Company's steamer, bound south, 8th December, 15 N, 18 W; by the Spartan (s), at Southampton.

Annie Goudy, British ship, St. John, N.B., to Liverpool, 2nd December, 42 N, 63 W; by the St. Ronans (s), at New York.

Avanti (HKSJ), Moulmein to Falmouth, 29th November, 6 N, 26 W.

Athenian (s), outward bound, 15th December.

Aldborough, British barque, 119 days out, all well, 8th December, 42 N, 31 W; by the Saraca, at Falmouth.

Aigburth, bound west, 18th December, 49 N, 6 W; by the Aldborough, at Falmouth.

Aldergrove, of Port Glasgow, steering SE, all well, 27th October, 30 S, 28 W; by the Kinross, at Falmouth.

Aladdin, Liverpool to Batavia, 30 days, all well, 8th November, 9 S, 32 W; by the Kinross, at Falmouth.

Annie Burrill, English barque, 4th December, 4 S, 32 W; by the Berenice (s), at St. Vincent (C.V.).

Bellemorse, 6th November, 14 S, 31 W.

Bethal (s), steering SW, 15th December, off Ushant; by the Spartan (s), at Southampton.

Baring Brothers, ship, New York to San Francisco, 13th October, 56 S, 75 W.

Carpathian, British ship, Shields to Port Pirie 26 days, 18th October, 31 N, 23 W; by the Albion, at Cape Town.

Carpathian, for Spencer's Gulf, 18th October, 4 N, 24 W; reported from Liverpool.

Charmian, barque, for Hamburg, 14th December, off Ymuiden, bearing SSE $\frac{1}{2}$ E, distant about 40 miles; by the Kinghorn (s), at Leith.

Clan Robertson, British ship (JQMC), steering NE, 14th December, 48 N, 8 W; by the Carl Rahtken, at Newport.

Campbell, Cardiff to River Plate, 14th November, 2 N, 28 W.

Charles Cotesworth, British barque, Liverpool to San Francisco, 28th September, 15 N, 26 W; by the Candidate, at Buenos Ayres.

Coronilla, British barque (KBVQ), 24th November, 5 N, 28 W; by the Vittoria (s), at Genoa.

Carioca, from Bordeaux, 28th November, 14 N, 28 W; by the Cachar (s), at St. Vincent (C.V.).

Caroline Morris, Iquique to Plymouth 41 days, 15th October, 48 S, 42 W; by the Sherwood, at Queenstown.

Corinth, steering south, 18th November; by the Sherwood, at Queenstown.

Cambrian Princess, Liverpool to Melbourne, 14th November, 80 S, 34 W; by the City of Hankow, at Philadelphia.

Cawdor, British ship, 105 days out, 6th December, 39 N, 35 W; by the Saraca, at Falmouth.

Craignair, Canterbury to London 89 days, 9th December, 43 N, 29 W; by the Bandede, at Falmouth.

Chittagong, barquentine, steering SW, all well, 16th November, 3 N, 50 W; by the Desdemona, at Liverpool.

Duke of Cornwall (s), homeward-bound, all well, 15th December, off Finisterre; by the Pekin (s), at Plymouth.

Dusty Miller, of Liverpool (VDKM), all well, 10th December, 48 N, 9 W; by the Tremayne (s), Quiller, at Cork.

Dusty Miller, Caernarvon to Galveston, 14th December, 45 N, 13 W; by the Theresina (s), at Liverpool.

Dinapore, of Glasgow, Pisagua to Hamburg 46 days, all well, 14th October, 46 S, 45 W; by the Carlisle, Arendrup, from Pisagua, at Falmouth.

Earls court, barque, of Greenock (KCTB), Liverpool to Astoria, 29th November, 14 N, 26 W; by the Montevideo (s), Boie, at Hamburg.

Ethelbald (s), Philadelphia to Montego Bay, 2nd December, 33 N, 74 W; reported from New York.

E. T. G., of Liverpool, steering south, 1st December, 12 N, 26 W.

Elwell, ship, New York to Melbourne, 20th October, lat. 32, long. 49; by the Minnie G. Whitney, at New York.

Eagle, brigantine, of Caernarvon, all well, 28th November, 26 S, 45 W; by the Galicia (s), at Plymouth.

Earl of Zetland, English ship (NRFP), 5th December, 4 N, 28 W; by the Medoc (s), at St. Vincent (C.V.).

Ellen Grant, of Christiania (HNPL), bound south, 23rd November, 15 N, 34 W; by the Carlisle, Arendrup, from Pisagua, at Falmouth.

Ellenbank, ship, of Maryport (KOQH), Fredrikstad to Melbourne, all well, 17th November, 2 N, 28 W; by the Drumbrunton, at Liverpool.

Galatea, British barque, London via Portland to New York, lat. 49, long. 39, reported from New York.

Golden Gate, British, Liverpool to Valparaiso 57 days out, 24th October, 1 N, 28 W; by the Mazatlan, at Havre.

Guiding Star, of Sunderland, Belize to Goole, 12th December, Spurn, bearing W by N 70 miles; by the Federation (s), at Goole.

Glenhulas, New York to Calcutta, 23rd October, 24 S, 28 W; by the Bandede, at Falmouth.

George B. Balfour, River Plate to Liverpool, 8th December, 42 N, 30 W; by the Aldborough, at Falmouth.

Heinrich, Bangkok to Bremen, 22nd November, 90 S, 3 W; by the Alice, at St. Helena.

Hippolyta, British barque, steering SSE, 1st November, 22 S, 25 W; by the Drumbrunton, at Liverpool.

Halcione, Kelly, outward-bound, 3rd December, 45 N, 16 W; by the Stanley, Thorbjornsen, at Hamburg.

Isaac Reed, ship, Philadelphia to Hio, 14th August, 24 N, 84 W.

Innisfallen, brig, of Shields, steering south, all well, 11th December, 21 N, 19 W; by the Galicia, at Liverpool.

Jane Porter, British barque, London to Newcastle (NSW) 64 days, 9th November, 35 S, 14 W; by the Albion, at Cape Town.

John A. Briggs, ship, Philadelphia to Hio, 4th November, 15 miles south of the Equator, 32 W; by the Wynnstay, at New York.

Khediye, outward bound, 15th December.

Laomene, British ship (THQC), Liverpool to Melbourne, all well, 6th November, 14 S, 32 W; by the Christian Scriver, barque, at New York.

Lady Lawrence, barque (supposed), 20th October, 43 S, 40 W.

Loch Carron, from Glasgow, 28th November, 13 N, 29 W; by the Cachar (s), at St. Vincent (C.V.).

Ladakh, British ship, London to Sydney 19 days, 20th October, 3 N, 23 W; by the Albion, at Cape Town.

Lapwing, British barque, Liverpool to Brisbane, 28th September, 15 N, 26 W; by the Candidate, at Buenos Ayres.

Lord Templeton, barque, New York to Calcutta, 12th November, 21 N, 40 W; by the Gloria, at Queenstown.

Lord Wolsley, British ship, from Calcutta, 11th October, 10 S, 90 E; by the Indore, at St. Helena.

Lancelfield, barque, steering N W, 28th November, 27 S, 9 E; by the Pretoria (s), at Southampton.

Mary L. Burrill, British ship, Harve to New York, 29th November, 49 N, 34 W; by the Endeavour (s), at New York.

Margate, Sutton, from Cork, 19th November, 21 S, 30 W; by the Cachar (s), at St. Vincent (C.V.).

Miranda, British barque, from Penang, 17th October, 21 S, 68 E, by the Rhine, at St. Helena.
 Merope, barque, of Southampton, all well, 7th December, 13 N, 27 W; by the Galicia, at Plymouth.
 Mexican (s), Southampton to Cape Town, 8th December, 19 N, 17 W; by the Pretoria (s), at Southampton.
 Oimara, ship (PBST), San Francisco to Channel, all well, 21st November, 10 N, 29 W; by the Drumbrunton, at Liverpool.
 Panmure, of Dundee, London to Melbourne 34 days, all well, 3rd November, 16 S, 29 W; by the Kinross, at Falmouth.
 Pendragon, for Chittagong, 3rd October, 26 S, 33 W; reported by telegraph from Liverpool.
 Portland, barque, of Windsor (NS), 24th November, 46 N, 40 W; by the Christabel, at Plymouth.
 Rembrandt, ship, New York to Hong Kong, 24th August, 30 N, 42 W.
 Santiago, Iquique to Falmouth, 27th November, 1 S, 28 W.
 Silver Spray, of Salcombe, Demerara to Inverness, 1st December, 39 N, 63 W; by the Edwin (s), Stacey, at Cork.
 Spring, schooner, 17th December, 44 N, 11 W; reported from Liverpool.
 Sarah Bell, barque, Liverpool to Valparaiso, 17th November, 5 N, 25 W; by the Desdemona, at Liverpool.
 St. Joseph (s), steering north, 9th December, 17 N, 18 W, by the Pretoria (s), at Southampton.
 Triton, barque, of Lussinpiccolo, steering south, 6th November, 2 S, 29 W; by the Astoria, at Falmouth.
 Undine, of Hamburg, Bolivia to Hamburg, 15th October, 47 S, 42 W; by the Sherwood, at Queenstown.
 Valentine and Helene, from Iquique, 25th September, 39 S, 87 W; by the John Lockett, at Falmouth.
 Valentine and Helene, of Bordeaux (LHFT), Iquique to Falmouth 63 days, 3rd November, 17 S, 80 W; by the Kinross, at Falmouth.
 West Cumberland (s), of Maryport (SHVM), steering SW, 12th December, 45 N, 20 W; by the Carlisle, Arendrup, from Pisagua, at Falmouth.
 Waimea, barque, London to Auckland, 12th November, 22 S, 27 W; by the Thurland Castle, at Queenstown.
 WRVH, British barque, bound west, 2nd December, 15 miles east of Fire Island, by the Martello (s), at New York.
 William H. Macy, ship, New York to Yokohama, 25th October, 2 N, 24 W.
 West Australian, British barque, Liverpool to Rosario, 2nd November, 33 S, 50 W; by the Candidate, at Buenos Ayres.

WORK AND WAGES.—Mr. John Burnett, labour correspondent to the Board of Trade, says:—"Although much disturbed by the prevalence of strikes and disputes during the past month, the skilled labour market has, on the whole, continued to show signs of general improvement. Ninety-two strikes have been recorded in November. Many of these were of short duration, but some of the more important still continue. Of these stoppages of work, 17 were in the woollen trade, 14 in the cotton trade, 15 in the coal trade, six in various branches of the iron trade, five in the shipbuilding trade, five in the engineering trade, three in the building trade, nine among dock labourers, and the balance among miscellaneous industries. The returns of most of the societies reporting show a diminution in the numbers of those out of work. In the engineering trade, in which one or two important disputes are pending, the proportion of unemployed has risen from 1.3 to 2.1. The cotton and printing trades show most improvement, the number of those out of work in the former having fallen from 13.8 last month to 2.8 for the present month. The shipbuilding trade remains steady, and the demand for the various classes of labour required is greater than ever before. The chief society in this branch of industry has increased its membership considerably during the year, as have most of the large Trades Unions in the engineering and other allied trades. The Iron Shipbuilders' Society has now a total of about 33,000 members, of whom only 501 are returned as unemployed. The coal, iron, and steel trades are very fully employed, and seem likely to remain so for some time to come. Summarising these turns, it may be said that, in all, 21 Trades Unions have reported. These show a total of 207,959 members, of whom 3,173 are unemployed, a proportion of 1.5. The figures of the same societies for last month were 3,665 unemployed, a proportion of 1.8 per cent.

SAILORS' AND FIREMEN'S UNION.

CHRISTMAS BOX FOR THE UNION.

Some time after the great Dock Strike was over the editor of SEAFARING received a letter from San Francisco, enclosing one hundred and twenty dollars (£24 12s. 6d.) for the benefit of the strikers, the money being sent by the Representative Council of the Federated Trades and Labour Organisations of the Pacific Coast. Mr. McGlynn the secretary, wrote explaining the smallness of the sum by the struggle the above body have with the Chinese. We wrote Mr. McGlynn acknowledging the receipt of the money, and stating that as the strike was over when it arrived we did not feel justified in parting with the money until the body which sent it became aware of that fact, and gave us definite instructions as to which organisation or fund the money should be paid to. In reply we have received the following letter:—"927, Mission-street, San Francisco, November 26, 1889.—Dear Sir,—Yours of November 6 to hand; contents duly noted. I am happy to inform you that your action relative to the money sent was approved by the Council, and I am more pleased to state that the unanimous opinion of the members was to the effect that no more worthy or satisfactory disposition of the money could be made than to donate it, with our heartiest wishes for continued prosperity and success, to the Sailors' and Firemen's Union, to be disposed of as it best seems beneficial. If the members of that Union are at all akin to those of the Pacific Coast, the cause of Unionism will not be allowed to languish if in the power of men to keep it alive. With best wishes for the success of SEAFARING, and thanks for favours received, I remain, fraternally yours, M. MCGLYNN, recording secretary." We have accordingly sent the money to the Union.

LONDON BRANCHES.

The usual weekly meeting of the Green's Home Branch was held in the Cambrian Hotel, East India-road, on Thursday evening. Before the reception of the new members, the secretary (Mr. T. H. Clark) pointed out that considering their conduct towards the Union, it was a question whether the men that had joined, and who belonged to the *Pembroke Castle*, could be received. He also stated that the men, Bishop and Duggin, of the *Dunrobin Castle*, who had been expelled, had called and asked if there was any possibility of their being re-instated. Mr. Evans then moved, and Mr. Wilson seconded, and it was unanimously agreed to, that Bishop and Duggin be not re-admitted members, but that the men of the *Pembroke Castle* be accepted. The secretary brought under the notice of the meeting the case of a man named Carroll, a member of the Cardiff Branch, who had lost the sight of his right eye, and who had just been discharged from the hospital. Carroll wanted to go to Cardiff, but he was entirely without means to undertake the journey. Carroll was present, and explained the circumstances in which he was placed. The chairman said it was for the branch to decide what help they could afford their brother in distress. Mr. Curtis proposed, and Mr. J. Tibbs seconded, that Carroll's fare be paid to Cardiff, and that he receive in addition 15s., £2 15s. in all. The case of the donkey-man of the *Othello*, was next considered. After a long discussion, it was decided that he was perfectly justified in going in the ship. On the motion of Mr. Randall, seconded by Mr. Bissett, the officers of the branch were unanimously re-elected for the ensuing six months. It was agreed on the proposition of Messrs. Donovan and Hyers, that the members on the *Dunrobin Castle* shall not be allowed to go to sea until they pay their fees. Mr. Barnes was allowed a loan of 60s. This resolution was proposed by Mr. Bissett, and seconded by Mr. Finlayson, and carried.

At the Thames Police Court, on Saturday, a sailor applied to Mr. Lushington for some assistance from the poor-box to enable him to join the Sailors' and Firemen's Union. He stated he had been to sea for 37 years, and now he could not go because he did not belong to the Union. Mr. Lushington: Won't a captain ship you without being a member of this Union? Applicant: No, sir; no captain will take me unless I produce a card showing I am a member of the Union. Mr. Lushington: I am not aware that any Union has the power to compel any man to join their body before he can get employment. Applicant: If I had 7s 6d I could join the Union. I want to get a ship so as to save myself wandering about the streets. If you will advance me the money, sir, I will refund it to you. Mr. Lushington: You have gone to sea for nearly 40

years without belonging to the Union, and now you say you can't go to work without joining it. When did this Union start?—Applicant: Last April. Mr. Lushington: I can only say it seems to me a perfectly monstrous thing that any captain should be tyrannized over by a Union in this manner that he is not able to engage whom he chooses. I cannot help you in the matter. The applicant having left the court in a very dejected manner, Mr. Lushington directed Inspector Lush to inquire into the truth of the man's statement relating to being compelled to join the Union before he could be shipped on board a vessel.

LIVERPOOL BRANCHES.

On Thursday night a special representative meeting of the district was called at the Malakoff Hall, Cleveland-square, for the purpose of settling the scabbing question and introducing a uniform fine for all the Branches of the Mersey District. Mr. A. J. Candler was voted to the chair. Mr. Nicholson having explained the object of the meeting, it was moved by Mr. Johnson, Bootle, that the fine be £1 on all members and others who were going to sea during the time that the late strike was in progress. This was seconded by Mr. J. Salter, Bootle, and carried. It was then moved by Mr. A. Hepburn that the men who have been let off with a nominal fine shall pay the full amount of £1. This was seconded by Mr. Boag, Bootle. As an amendment it was moved by Mr. Rogers that any man who has paid a nominal fine shall not be called upon to pay more. There being no second to the amendment, the resolution was declared duly carried. It was then moved by Mr. Salter, Bootle, that the question of dealing with defaulters who don't turn up to pay their dues before February 8, shall be dealt with on a uniform scale by their respective Branches, and if the Branches don't settle on such a uniform course, a District Committee be called for the express purpose. This was seconded by Mr. Holland, Birkenhead, and carried. A member from the Middlesbro' Branch, named C. Ross (No 176a) came here with his wife and a little boy; he said his wife had lost her purse with £3 in it. His case was brought before the general meeting, and they agreed to support him until he secured employment. The Branch paid £2 8s. 4d., and then paid his wife's and boy's railway fare to Middlesbro', making in all £3 10s. Mr. Nicholson got him a boatswain's situation on the s.s. *Cascapedia*. He signed, got his advance note, got it cashed, and then did not go in the ship, bringing disgrace on the Union, after the owners wanting nothing but Union men. Mr. Nicholson understands that he had been trying on the same dodge with the general secretary before coming to Liverpool. It is the wish of the members of Mr. Nicholson's Branch that this conduct of Ross be exposed in the columns of SEAFARING, so that secretaries of all Branches may be on the alert for his appearance, and treat him as a scab until he pays all moneys he owes to the Union, with a heavy penalty.

GLASGOW BRANCH.

At the meeting, held December 19, in the Typographical Hall, 102, Maxwell-street, correspondence was read from Mr. J. Gardiner, Cardiff, from D. Lees, boatswain s.s. *Warwick*, on the action the delegates took at the shipping office in asking the crew to stand by the boatswain until he got his old rate of wages £5 10s. which was got for him. Also from the G. Secretary on the utility of having a steam launch for the Clyde; from the chief engineer of the *Harbinger* on a member of our Branch who, when leaving the ship in Hull, it was stated took some clothes which did not belong to him; from the secretary of the Swansea Branch on T. Easton, who had played such a scurvy trick on the Union in general as well as on Mr. Dewar of the Sailors' Home and the second engineer of the s.s. *Annie Ainsley*; from the bank manager and from the crew of the *General Roberts* acknowledging the help rendered to them by the Branch while their case was pending at law; from the crew of the s.s. *Eagle* recognizing the services of the delegates as being the medium by which ships going to the Mediterranean got an advance of 10s. per month; from the Trades Council asking us to participate in a demonstration against the unjust sentence passed on Mr. Cronin, secretary of the Amalgamated Millmen, by Sheriff Eiskie Murray; from James McGill acknowledging the justice of the fine imposed on him by the members and paying his first instalment, 10s. It was proposed by Mr. A. Boyle, seconded by Mr. Wilson, that the meeting protest against certain alleged conduct of the district secretary to Mr. D. Houston, and empower the branch secretary to write to head quarters on the matter. As an amendment, Mr. McGregor proposed, and it was seconded by Mr. T. Love, that the Branch secretary

do not write to head-quarters at present; the amendment was carried. A complaint against two members of our own Branch and two of other branches was next lodged. They came to the office to get advice regarding money that was to be stopped off them as logging, the secretary telling them not to take anything but the full amount. They, in direct opposition to the secretary's advice, took their money, and when asked did they receive the money they were logged in, distinctly said "Yes," at the same time knowing they did not. It was proposed by Mr. Sherlock, seconded by Mr. E. Bryson, that our two members be fined £1 each, and that the secretary write to the Branches that the other members belong to on their conduct. As an amendment Mr. McGregor moved, and it was seconded by Mr. A. Boyle, that they be fined in the modified sum of 5s. The amendment was carried, only five voting for the motion. Mr. Love then gave an explanation on the complaint lodged against him by the chief engineer of the s.s. *Harbinger* about the taking of clothes which did not belong to him, and was unanimously accepted. A complaint was then lodged against a number of members greatly in arrears getting runs over the head of good financial members. After a good deal of discussion it was proposed by Mr. E. Hillon, and seconded by Mr. McGregor, that one of the delegates be instructed to interview the engineer and mates of the s.s. *Wiesland* going to Antwerp by the run on the subject. As an amendment Mr. Taylor proposed, and it was seconded by Mr. P. Sherlock, that the secretary write to the officers of that ship, which was carried. Complaints having been adjourned to allow the nomination of office bearers to proceed, and after some wrangling on the question, which monopolised a good deal of time, it was unanimously agreed to call a special meeting for nominations to be taken next evening.

Mr. Darby has sent us a long and important letter defending himself against the imputations made upon him at the meeting reported in last week's SEAFARING. He complains of a conspiracy to drive him out of office, and asserts that political wire-pullers are behind the scenes trying to get the control of the Union into their hands. He also says that the majority of the members of his district are on his side. As the letter has reached us just as we are going to press, we are compelled to hold it over till our next issue.

LEITH BRANCH.

A large general meeting of this Branch was held on December 19, the vice-chairman presiding in the absence of the chairman, from whom an apology was read. The secretary read correspondence from the general secretary and from the Board of Trade, regarding the petition against the action of the Bristol Dock Committee with regard to compulsory pilotage. It was moved that the representative of this Branch on the Executive Council be instructed to lay the fact before that body that the Branch was resolved to have an outside delegate and would not do without one. Carried unanimously. Nominations were then taken for the various offices, and resulted as follows:—Secretary, Mr. R. Smith; chairman, Mr. W. Barnett; vice-chairman, Mr. Charles Smart, and the following were nominated as members of the committee, Brothers McGregor, Laidlaw, Gibson, Sutherland, Messer, Parker, and Leask. It was then agreed that the nominations cease, and that the members nominated be elected at next meeting, seeing there was the exact number required. The secretary then called on Mr. Darby, district secretary, to address the meeting. Mr. Darby, who was received with loud applause, said he was sorry that he had such a short time to stay that evening, as he had much to say regarding the success of the National Sailors' and Firemen's Union since its foundation, and though they had some things which some of them might regret, still there were many things they had reason to be proud of. He declared without fear of contradiction, that the Sailors' and Firemen's Union was one of the most powerful Trades Unions in the world, and had been the cause of infusing fresh life into Trades Unionism all over the country, as they had taken up with them dock labourers, coal porters, and gas stokers. He had had the honour of being elected general secretary of the Gas Stokers' Union, which was but recently formed in Glasgow and had a membership of 1,500. These men recently made a demand on the directors for an 8 hours' day, and their motto was "We want 8 hours work, 8 hours' recreation, and 8 hours' rest." The directors stated that that would necessitate an extra shift being put on, which would cost them £20,000 a year, and they would rather give the men an increase of pay. A meeting was called, and the men resolved not to accept the advance, but to give in their notice and come out. But Mr. Darby was proud to say that before the

time expired, the directors sent a message stating that they would grant the request. (Applause.) The railway men were being tempted in the same way, and he earnestly hoped they would remain fast, as they were bound to have their request granted. He said he could relate many more instances of the good the Union had done, but he would have to leave as his time was up. The secretary proposed a vote of thanks to Mr. Darby, which was heartily given, and after Mr. Darby had thanked the members for their kind reception and stated he would be with them shortly, the meeting was brought to a close.

On Saturday, December 21, a raid was made at the shipping office at the signing of the s.s. *Moscom* by the secretary, Mr. R. Smith, and resulted in the backing out, by the aid of the crew (being all Union men) of a notorious blackleg, W. H. Forman, who has of late been sailing in the non-Union London and Leith Company, whom we hope soon to convert (thanks to the Dockers' Union in London). The raid resulted also in adding two members to the Officers' Union here, who were signing as A.B's. Wages procured, £4 10s. and £1 15s.

GRANGEMOUTH BRANCH.

At the weekly meeting of this Branch, the following resolutions were passed *nem. con.*:—1st. That members losing their Union cards shall pay a fine for each duplicate supplied, whether contribution or travelling card. 2nd. That a ballot of the whole of the branch be taken as to the election of officers, in order that every member may have an opportunity of recording his vote. 3rd. The resolution of July 2, 1883, as annexed be strictly enforced:—"That from this date any member discussing the business of the Union outside this hall, or divulging any of the same to non-Union men, and especially to any one connected with the shipwrecking interest, shall, for the first offence, be fined 2s. 6d.; for the second, 5s., and shall be suspended from benefit until the fine is paid. For the third offence, immediate expulsion from the Union. This rule to be rigidly enforced." After some discussion as to the feasibility of holding a soirée and ball at this season, it was resolved instead to celebrate the anniversary of the opening of the branch by an excursion and picnic combined. The secretary having forwarded to Mr. Gladstone a copy of the article in SEAFARING on the "Disfranchisement of Seamen" has received a reply from the Grand Old Man stating that the matter shall have his attention when Parliament re-assembles. Trade quiet here at present; plenty of foreign steamers, but no British entering the port.

KING'S LYNN BRANCH.

At the last meeting of this branch at the Royal Standard, County Court Road, the election of officers for the ensuing six months took place as follows:—Brothers H. T. Simpson, President, W. Brooks, Vice-President, Brother S. Swaine, Chief Steward; A. Ream, Esq., Treasurer; W. Bennett, Secretary; Brothers Sharpin, Whittaker, Flown, C. H. Arnold, Massingham, Cummings, W. Catton, Morrison, and H. C. Bennett, members of the committee. It was proposed by Brother W. Catton that we postpone our usual branch meeting from the 27th to the 31st inst. This was seconded by T. Whittaker, and carried unanimously. The secretary then urged the members, in respect to complaints being made outside our branch meeting, that all members of the Union, whether belonging to King's Lynn branch or in any branch whatever under the N. A. S. and F. Union, adhere to the principles laid down in our pledge and rules to further the cause of Unionism in the British Isles. It was then resolved that Brother Avis assist the secretary so as to get all contributions due up to the end of the year 1889. The secretary then spoke of the proposed visit of our general secretary, Mr. J. H. Wilson, to King's Lynn, saying that we will do our best to give him a hearty reception, and to get all the seafaring population of King's Lynn present at the public meeting, when we shall not forget our tidy little craft SEAFARING, and how she is so nobly handed by the skipper.

CORK BRANCH.

This Branch has acquired a splendid house, 6, Patrick-st. (six doors from St. Patrick's-bridge), to which seafaring men should pay a visit when in Cork. A reading room is attached, where local and metropolitan papers are on the table for the use of members. The City of Cork is undergoing a crisis in the Labour movement, as a series of strikes have occurred, and the Sailors' and Firemen's Union has taken its part with other Unions in expressing sympathy, and promising support.

It is stated that Mr. John Burns has received an invitation from "The Sailors' and Firemen's International Union of New York," inviting him to visit America to help in the organisation of all grades of labour throughout the United States connected with the International Maritime Labour Exchange, that has just been started.

On Saturday evening, Mr. George Tolley, stoker of H.M.S. *Inconstant*, in harbour at Devonport, was in a gig alongside the ship, and while endeavouring to unhook the boat's gear so as to release her from the ship, he fell into the water. A lifebuoy and an oar were at once thrown to him from the *Inconstant*, but in the darkness he failed to reach them, and he sank before a boat could be put off. His body has not been found.

Mr. JOHN BURNS has just received £3,793 from Australia for the Dockers' Fund. The cable message that the sum was to be paid was received by the London Chartered Bank of Australia on Friday. Mr. Burns received the news in a letter from the editor of the *Times*. The editor of *Reynolds's Newspaper* has also received £884 for the same purpose.

PILOTAGE DISPUTE.—At the Barrow Police Court, David Wright, an apprentice pilot stationed at Fleetwood, has been charged, he not being a duly qualified and licensed pilot, with piloting the barque *Adolphe Thiers*, on December 2, within the compulsory district of Barrow and Fleetwood. The prosecutor was Henry Charney, a Barrow pilot stationed at Piel. The complainant said that on the date in question he was out in the bay cruising in the pilot schooner *Argos*, flying a pilot's flag when he observed the French barque *Adolphe Thiers* signalling for a pilot about two miles away. He bore down for the barque, making the usual signal by dipping his flag, and when he got within half a mile off her, instead of shortening sail to receive him, she set more sail and tacked about for the Lune in the direction of Fleetwood. At the time the pilot cutter *Guide*, of Fleetwood, was close to the barque, but had a qualified pilot aboard. He followed the barque, and in about an hour and a half came up with her and found the defendant and the captain walking the poop. The barque was still flying the flag asking for a pilot, and complainant hailed her and asked if they had got on board a duly licensed pilot, and the defendant replied no. The pilot cutter *Grace Darling* subsequently came up, and a pilot was taken on board. For the defence, Mr. Jackson pointed out that no offence had been committed. The defendant admitted that he was not a duly licensed pilot when hailed by the complainant, and the captain had never hauled down his flag asking for a pilot. After hearing evidence, the bench decided the case must be dismissed, as no offence had been proved, inasmuch as the captain had kept flying his flag, and that Wright had never said that he was a duly licensed pilot, nor did it appear that he had any hand in navigating the ship. A summons against the captain of the ship for engaging a non-licensed pilot was withdrawn.

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J. MANSELL, Secretary.

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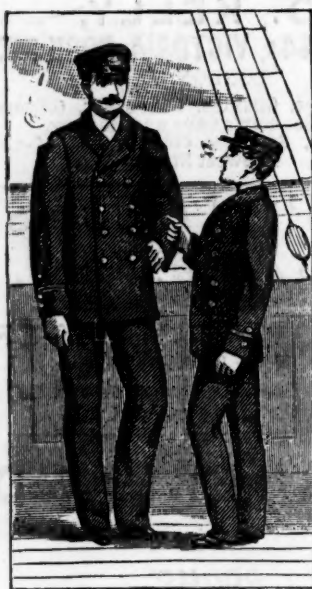
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